



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 35 – Number 6

October 2017

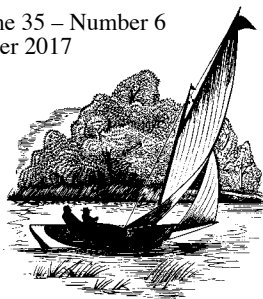
Special Features This Issue
Sailing on the Schooner *Mercantile*
Affordable Boating Around the World
First Eastern Intercollegiate Outboard Regatta
What's a Durham Canal Boat? - My Perfect Boat
Maiden Voyage of the *Gracie Anne* - Around Frenchman Bay



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

When this issue's cover story turned up here it attracted more than my usual interest and enthusiasm. Not only did it turn out to be a long and absorbing tale involving an 87-year-old man embarking on what was to be his last great solo sailing adventure, but it was written by the man who custom built his 22' cold molded catboat, Tony Davis of Arey's Pond Boatyard on Cape Cod. I have known Tony since I first met him in 1983 at the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston at the laying of the keel of what was to become the Massachusetts Tall Ship of the time, the *Spirit of Massachusetts* (today a pierside restaurant in Kennebunk, Maine). Our third issue (June 15, 1983) featured my report on that occasion. Tony had sailed down from Maine in his Aage Nieleeson designed sailboat (which he had built for himself) on which he was living at the time while he undertook to get his own small boat shop going in rented space in the Navy Yard. He had soon become involved in the building of the *Spirit*.

In 1991 Tony and his wife Robin bought the Arey's Pond Boatyard in East Orleans on Cape Cod and began the now quarter century plus building of it into a leading catboat builder in Massachusetts' catboat country. Over all those years Arey's Pond has been a loyal advertiser in *MAIB*. And now out of the e found time this time of the year to write it and he admitted that he had written it last winter during slow season. He had felt that it needed to be told and while it would appear in the *Catboat Association Bulletin*, he felt it had a wider range of appeal amongst sailors. I agreed.

One particular aspect of this story that grabbed me was that the owner embarking on this adventure, Winston Maxwell, was 87 years old at the time (2014-2015). Knowing how I feel now that I am 87 about venturing forth on mighty adventures (I'm happy enough now that all my own mighty adventures are all behind me), a story of how the builder of his dreamboat got drawn into helping to make the dream a reality well beyond just building the boat fascinated me.

A major issue for Tony was coming to grips with the capability of an 87-year-old to actually sail the boat he would build for him

offshore. Most old guys pushing 90 are not generally regarded as likely candidates for such adventuring. But Winston knew what he wanted, had sailing experience and the cash to pay for the best. So the unique "partnership" of builder and sailor went to work on a one year building cycle. For all the details read the story starting on page 10.

OK, now about this 87-year-old stuff. Some of you, I know, are up here with me, or even beyond, others are closing in on that age. When I was in my 60s my 80s looked a long way off, should I even get there. Now it's 90 that's just ahead and how should I "act my age?" Well, by just getting on with my life. No last great adventure sails for me, I never really learned how to sail very well and kayak paddling came to dominate my personal boating.

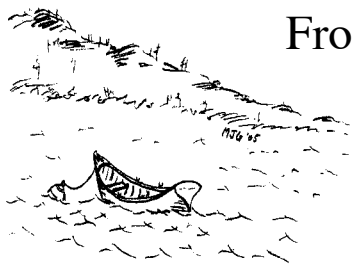
Introduced to kayaking in 1983 by Chuck Sutherland, I paddled along our North Shore seacoast for a number of years but eventually began to feel that the challenges of wind and tide and waves were becoming obstacles, even at times intimidating. Not fun no more so I turned to our inland flat water rivers and that's where my level of adventuring afloat is today. It's better than just sitting at home now and dreaming of bygone times and I still do manage get my adrenalin rush on my motorcycles.

Unlike my boating experience, which began when I was already in my early 50s, motorcycling has been in my life since 1948 and I still have the right moves (muscle memory, I'm told). The best description I've heard about what trying to stay active in a familiar game while dealing with aging skills and muscles is like is, "I still know what to do, I just can't do it soon enough anymore."

Well, Winston Maxwell set off on his great sailing adventure in 2015 with a whole lot of help from Tony and learned the limits of his capabilities while having experienced help at hand to get him past the hard spots. He didn't get to that offshore part but did get two more years of life well lived aboard his dreamboat. Way out here at this end of life we gotta grasp what we still can do and go with it as far as we can.

On the Cover...

Winston Maxwell is pictured onboard his custom built 22' cold molded Arey's Pond catboat on his way on his last great sailing adventure at age 87. The builder of the catboat, Tony Davis, owner of Arey's Pond Boatyard in East Orleans on Cape Cod, tells us at some length in this issue what this all involved starting on page 10 in "The Maiden Voyage of the *Gracie Anne*."



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

I brought *MoonWind* to Noank from Pine Island Sound during a calm the last week of October. I hate to tell you that I motored the four mile trip, but that's what I did. It was mid-afternoon by the time I was underway, there was little breeze, and I was impatient. If this becomes a habit I may think to trade in *MoonWind* for a trawler.

One of these days in the not too far off future I hope to be caught up with all these carking projects that distract me from the ocean. If and when I sell my rental property in Mystic I'll have a bit of capital and far fewer responsibilities. What a novel situation. Income enough to feed *MoonWind*, and leisure enough to go sailing for weeks at a time.

Now that it's actually autumn, the days to sail are limited only by my reluctance to freeze my fingers. What with the wind chill factor, I seldom experience joie de vivre at half my body temperature. My elderly bones take longer to thaw; my frosty whiskers dismay my wife; my frozen fingers send the cat under the sofa. I have to sit on the wood stove half the evening before I'm allowed into bed.

Unlike Tristan Jones, who doted on icebergs, I prefer to bask in the sun rather than have to sweep the snow from my keel. I'd rather laze on a sunny day and actually see my naked toes than scrabble for a tissue with my gloves on.

This is why I went sailing again, this last day of October, just to prove to the world I wasn't a wimp. After all, it was fifty-two degrees with an eight-knot breeze, Indian summer. I have to admit, I sailed for only three hours, long enough to make a round trip to the lighthouse at Latimer Reef, four miles off.

In the interests of a good story, I ought to tell you my sails blew out, my motor wouldn't start, and that killer whales boarded my boat and ate my topping lift. Alas! None of these happened. I actually enjoyed my sail at a leisurely three knots, refrained from climbing on any rocks, to the disappointment of *MoonWind* and puttered into my slip a little earlier than I'd planned. I could actually feel most of my fingers and so could tie my shoes all by myself.

Oh, I forgot to mention, I needed to strip off my wetsuit and booties and don some lubberly duds. The Annual Jack Stand Party at The Mystic Boom Vang Association began at five o'clock. Here was my chance to brag about my manly adventures to all those sailors who hauled their boats in September.

But nobody paid me the slightest attention.

"That's just Constant Waterman," I heard one sailor confide. "He never goes anywhere unless he can write a story about it, but I doubt he gets anything published."

"Poor old guy," the second one said. "Imagine someone from Mystic writing stories about sailing."

"Yes," said a third. "That's all he ever seems to do is put varnish on his drop boards. And do you know what? He doesn't even have a lock on his cabin. I slid back his hatch one afternoon to see what was down below."

The other two leaned forward in avid anticipation. "And?" said the first. "What did he have below?"

"You wouldn't believe it," the third one said. "There wasn't an air conditioner or even a television. There was nothing but sails and coils of line and charts."

"Poor old guy," the second one said. "Maybe we should take him sailing some time."

"I'll have *Sea Puss* launched by June," the first one said. "Some sunny day we'll invite him for a sail. We can bring some pizza and beer and watch a Red Sox game. I have my TV mounted in the cockpit. We'll anchor somewhere calm so we don't slop our beer."

"Like behind the breakwater," said the third.

"It'll be a real adventure," said the second.

And it will be. The Red Sox are going to beat the Indians, five to four, in the bottom of the tenth on a walk off double. I just know it.

Matthew Goldman aka Constant Waterman

Author and Illustrator (860) 912-5886

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<http://www.constantwaterman.com>



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Activities & Experiences...

A Wonderful Six Days

It was a wonderful six days for me in *Centennial II* with my long ago student Dan Noyes sailing at the Small Reach Regatta (September cover story). I was the student this time in the hands of crackerjack sailor "Captain" Dan. I may have passed the course, at least no marlin spikes or the bitter end of lines fell on my thick skull or back. We stopped to see founder Chris Faris of our old Rings Island Rowing Club in Richmond, Maine, en route. He is the same old lovely Chris. We spent 18 interesting hours with him in his long ago tavern. He rows a Dan dory on the Kennebec.

Pike Messenger, Middleton, MA

This Magazine...

A Feeling of Personal Contact

I have just finished reading the last of the copies that I bought from you when you were cleaning out your shelves several years ago. It was a real pleasure to read the articles by Robb White, John Welsford and, of course, Hugh Ware. I just wish I had bought another one of those boxes when they were available. Of course, your current contributors Matthew Goldman, Mississippi Bob, Dan Rogers with his crew, Doc Regan and that strange character from Florida who seems to live in a Tiki Hut, do a fine job of replacing the earlier writers. I don't know of any other publications which convey such a feeling of personal contact as *MAIB* does. I do hope to be reading it for years to come.

Martin Pflanz, Waco, Texas



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In Memoriam...



Meade A. Gougeon

September 25, 1938–August 27, 2017

"The wind is coming up. Tell the boys they can commence with the race." Fittingly, these would be the last words of Meade A. Gougeon as he watched a fleet of sailboats, including his trimaran *Adagio*, assembling for the Great Lakes Multihull Regatta in front of his home on the Saginaw Bay. Gougeon died Sunday, August 27, 2017, peacefully at home surrounded by his family. He was 78 years old.

Meade, along with his brothers Jan and Joel, founded Gougeon Brothers, Inc in 1969. Their employee owned, ISO 9001 registered company is a world renowned formulator and manufacturer of WEST SYSTEM® and PRO-SET® epoxies. The brothers pioneered the use of epoxy in boat construction and repair. They got their start building DN class iceboats with wood and epoxy. Initially, the brothers obtained access to Dow Chemical's nearby laboratories to develop an epoxy that could be used for coating and bonding.

By 1973 the brothers' small boat shop in Bay City, Michigan, was the largest builder of iceboats in the United States. Even so, in 1974 they sold the DN portion of their business to focus on soft water boats and their burgeoning epoxy business.

In 1971 Meade launched *Adagio*, the first large, all epoxy bonded and sealed wooden boat built without the use of fasteners. He'd built her with his brother Jan in just six months. She's been sailing on the Great Lakes ever since, winning the Bayview Mackinac Race in 2000, 2002, 2006, 2016 and 2017. *Adagio* is proof that fully bonded monocoque structures can be built not just to last but to be serious competitors for generations.

NASA's Wind Energy Project Office had Gougeon Brothers manufacture epoxy laminated wood specimens for testing the strength of an epoxy bond between a threaded steel rod and a laminated wood specimen. The company's samples were so strong that they broke NASA's testing machine. GBI would go on to manufacture wood/epoxy wind turbine blades for several years.

In 1979 Meade wrote *The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Construction*. This famous boat building guide details composite con-

struction techniques using wood and epoxy. It remains a favorite resource for professionals and first time boat builders and is often used as a textbook in boat building programs.

A few of the notable wood epoxy boats built by GBI include the Ron Holland designed half ton monohull *Golden Dazy*, which won the 1975 Canada's Cup, the 60' Dick Newick designed trimaran *Rogue Wave*, the Georg Thomas designed proa *Slingshot*, which was clocked at speeds of over 40mph, *Adrenalin*, a Formula 40 trimaran of wood, epoxy and carbon fiber, the Gougeon 32 production catamarans including *Incognito* which, skippered by Russell Brown, finished first in the solo class in this year's Race to Alaska.

Meade was an avid multihull sailor, ice boater and cyclist. Aboard the outrigger canoes *Voyager* and *Elderly Care* respectively, he placed first in his class in the grueling, 300-mile Everglades Challenge in 2014 and 2017. He raced iceboats with the International DN Ice Yacht Racing Association for several decades, winning the US Championship in 1981 and 1997. He was inducted, along with his brother Jan, into the National Sailing Hall of Fame in 2015.

Always a positive force in his community, Meade served on Delta College Board of Trustees, the Kantzler Foundation Board of Trustees, the Bay Arenac Community High School Board of Directors and the Bay County Library System Board of Trustees. In 2015 he was honored with the Peggy Rowley Community Enrichment Award at the Bay Area Community Foundation's Faces of Philanthropy event.

Adamant that GBI should remain a robust corporation in his absence, Meade went to great lengths to assure that the next generation of management and employees were smart, hardworking and forward looking individuals. Because he laid the groundwork for his succession, the company remains strong as the leader in the epoxy industry.

Appreciation for Glenn L. Witt

I was quite sorry to read of the passing of Glen L. Witt. I never met the man but on the one occasion that I talked to him on the phone (about modifying the design of his "Double Eagle" boat, which I wound up building) he was very helpful and patient with me, and after some discussion he "sort of" approved what I wanted to do, saying, "Well, I never built one quite that way, but I don't know why it wouldn't work." I later discussed this with Phil Bolger, who commented that, "Glen Witt is a good designer, very accurate and meticulous. You won't have any trouble with his plans." I did build the boat, which I am still using. I had thought many times about contacting Glen Witt to tell him that the boat worked out great and to thank him for his time and advice to me. Too late now, but I am sure he is up in that heaven, where all good boat people go, watching me smile as I run his boat!

Gaylord Lockett, Seaford, VA



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Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival XXXI

On Saturday, October 7, and Sunday, October 8, CBMM will host one of the nation's largest gatherings of small boat enthusiasts and unique watercraft at the 34th Annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival. Hundreds of amateur and professional boat builders and enthusiasts come from all over the region to display their traditional small craft, sailing skiffs, rowing shells, kayaks, canoes, paddle boats, prams and one of a kind boats on land and in the water throughout this family oriented event. These small craft owners hailing from all over the country will also be available to share their knowledge and boating experiences with museum guests.

Participants arrive Friday night, while museum boatyard staff and Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders School instructors will be on hand Saturday to offer boat building workshops and maritime demonstrations. Beginning at 1pm on Saturday, a lively Miles River Race of small craft can be watched from CBMM's waterfront and docks. Festival goers can also vote for their favorite boat with the People's Choice award and others announced among participants on Saturday evening. For participant registration and more information visit cbmm.org/mascf or call (410) 745-2916.



Marine Railway Season Wrapup

On Saturday, October 7, and Sunday, October 8, with days beginning to shorten and fall approaching, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's marine railway service season will soon be coming to a close. Led by Shipwright James DelAguila, and with the hard work of RPM Foundation Shipwright Apprentice Michael Allen and Seip Family Foundation Shipwright Apprentice Spencer Sherwood, CBMM's floating fleet collection saw many repairs and upgrades.

Skipjack *Rosie Parks* was rid of some troublesome leaking, *Jackson* or *Pot Pie* skiff is in the process of having a rare historical flexible engine shaft coupling repaired and the Potomac River Dory Boat is being repowered with a donated marine diesel engine.

It was an active season for the floating fleet with seven log crab dredger *Old Point* receiving maintenance just in time for the annual Buyboat Reunion as well as multiple shorter expeditions by the Rising Tide Summer Camp program. Buyboat *Winnie Estelle*

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CBMM News

was her normal busy self with frequent river cruises, while smaller craft were in service as ambassadors around the region and as support craft for races.

Next up, the Mathews cabin cruiser *Isabel* will receive general maintenance and tugboat *Delaware* will be stabilized. The team is also restoring CBMM's queen of the fleet and National Historic Landmark *Edna E. Lockwood* by replacing her nine log hull in adherence to the Secretary of the Interior's Standards for Historic Vessel Preservation. All work takes place in full public view through 2018 when *Edna* will be placed on the marine railway and launched at CBMM's OysterFest in October. To keep up with that project visit ednalockwood.org.



Volunteer Will Lambdin works on the 1931 Potomac River Dory Boat, recently repowered with a donated marine diesel engine.



Rosie Parks, a 1955 skipjack, sits on the marine railway undergoing maintenance.

Lady Maryland at CBMM in October

Lady Maryland will be at dockside at CBMM Friday, October 20, through Monday, October 23. Built in 1985 by the Living Classrooms Foundation, *Lady Maryland* is a replica of a Chesapeake Bay pungy schooner. Pungies were considered fast sailing vessels in the 1800s and were primarily used as workboats carrying perishable cargo such as oysters, watermelons, tomatoes, fish, peaches and grain. For more about *Lady Maryland* and the Living Classroom Foundation, go to livingclassrooms.org

Delaware Half Hull Model Workshop

The CBMM Model Guild is offering a beginner's model boat building workshop from 9am to 5 pm on October 21 and 22 with limited participation and advanced registration needed. The weekend workshop includes instruction on carving a solid half hull model of the historic Chesapeake Bay tugboat *Delaware*. This model is band sawed from a two tone wood block and carved to the rounded shape of the *Delaware*'s hull. The cabin and pilothouse are cut from the same pieces. The pieces are then shaped and sanded to a fine finish and then mounted on a baseboard to form a wall display piece.

The workshop is taught by the skilled craftsmen of CBMM's Model Guild who enjoy sharing their knowledge and techniques with CBMM members, visitors and students.

Built in Bethel, Delaware, by William H. Smith, the 1912 tug *Delaware* once hauled scows on Broad Creek, often laden with lumber, and towed ram schooners to and from Laurel, Delaware. Occasionally she carried parties of young people to Sandy Hill for day trips on the Nanticoke River. Donated to CBMM by Bailey Marine Construction in 1991, *Delaware* is now a floating exhibition. Adults and children 12 years of age and older can participate in the workshop, with all tools and materials supplied as well as some use of the Model Guild's power tools. Participants take home their half hull model at the end of the workshop.

Pre registration is at bit.ly/CBMM_HalfHull with more information about CBMM's Maritime Model Guild and Sailing Club at bit.ly/CBMMModelGuild, or by contacting Bob Mason at (410) 745-3266 or at bobmason@atlanticbb.net.



CBMM Maritime Model Guild President and volunteer Bob Mason holds an example of the half hull model participants will make.

The 1912 tug *Delaware* once hauled scows on Broad Creek and towed ram schooners to and from Laurel, Delaware.



**It's Been a Great Summer
Here in Almost Canada**
From Dan Rogers



Tiki Hut has Reservations
From Dave Lucas

Dan Rogers can show us all this he wants but we know it's frozen most of the time, now Johnny Mack, on the other hand, has it made now in South Carolina. When it's cool in the winter he'll still be hanging out in these same joints and when he gets the giant alum beauty fixed up and running he'll be out with the old babes all year long.

Boating Life is Great in South Carolina
From Johnny Mack

The *Bludgeon* is proving her worth except I limit her to wind conditions under 10mph. The waterfront in Beaufort has a few good docking spots. Finns has very good burgers and cold drinks.

Morehead City has a very good waterfront for boaters looking for refreshments. I have been known to put in at 10th St, boat a quarter mile to the Ruddy Duck. Swansboro has a small dock but a dock nonetheless and establishments are available. Oriental, kind of a high opinion of themselves. Harkers Island, need to learn more about it.

The boat ramp is nearly my private property, 1.3 miles and no crowd. I load up the *Bludgeon* at home and just have to remove the cinch and winch strap and dunk her. Saving a chitload not having to make long commutes to the lake. Spending more on beer so net wash. Enjoying it here and joining the power squadron!

Ah, Yes, Getting There by Boat
From Dave Lucas

This going places in a boat really gets in your system, doesn't it? If I can't get there by water it's just not worth going. It just makes the whole thing more fun. Johnny ended up stumbling into heaven on earth.

Summer Boating Reports from All Over



**OK, Here's the Real Almost Canada
in Summer**

From Dan Rogers

Here's me greeting guests arriving for a summer barbeque.



Getting *Gypsy Wagon* ready for the Fourth of July Parade.



Kids playing down on the beach mid August.



Swimming on Labor Day Weekend.
One more plunge before school start.



Meanwhile Back in Sunny Florida...

Someone opened the faucet, the rain gauge at our dam said that we got 14" of rain while Hurricane Harvey was visiting Michal Beebe on his Texas coast.



This is new, we had a washout in the Tiki Hut, I guess we'd better finish the foundation.

John's shed had the usual stream through it but Howard's shed has never done this.



And Faintly from the Texas Coast...

Brett sent pictures of our house in Rockport to our phone, patio roof gone, most vegetation, roof in pretty good shape, two windows broken, a friend came by later in the day with Tyvex.

I'd send pictures but don't know how, we are going north to Gainesville, Texas, for a few days. National Guard is on the job, cell phone up, all else still down.

Messing About in Boats, October 2017 - 7

The reoccurring theme at this year's John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, held at the WoodenBoat Show, was one of activity on the docks. Boats were constantly arriving and departing, picking up passengers or changing crews. J.R. Krevans's bright red De Blois Street Dory was easy to spot as it dashed up and down the waterfront. Thad Danielson's Mower Racing Dory breezed in under a cloud of canvas to trade smiling passengers. Ben Fuller's Delaware Ducker sailed in and out as well as rowed, but the big boat at the end of the dock caught everyone's attention, Matthew Phillips' Orkney Islands skiff with its heavy clinker riveted planks, double ended shape, two masts and three sails. When Matthew arrived and departed, everyone stopped to watch.

On the beach we had a beautiful collection of oar and sail boats. Alden Sweet's brand new traditional plank on steam bent frame Main Coast Peapod was a work of art that rowed really well. Other double enders included a Doug Hylan Beach Pea and Jim Friedlander's self designed V-bottomed tender that also sported a fully battened batwing lug rig. With owner's permission they were rowed off and on the beach along with a range of boats from CLC dinghies to flat bottomed skiffs, oar and sail dory skiffs to our rather utilitarian but popular John Gardner Chapter green dories. Special this year was the presence of the *Susan B. Holland*, the Chapter's Modified Herreshoff Rowing Boat which was especially popular with couples.

Landside we were very fortunate to have talented and interesting presenters, starting Friday with Dane Rochelle giving the history of *Afterglow*, the Seaport's Schooner *Brilliant's* tender, followed by an opportunity for four to six people to go for a row, an offer which was repeated throughout the weekend. Saturday, David Wyman kicked off with an introduction to his sharpie skiff *Rosie* that he has been designing in the last few issues of *Ash Breeze*, very versatile with sail, oar or electric power using a trolling motor and lithium ion batteries. Bill Meier followed, describing the process of completely (except for a plank or two) rebuilding a 1920's Mathis Launch designed by Trumpy and then repow-

Boats on Australia Beach.



Boats on Australia Beach

JGTSCA

John Gardner Chapter of Traditional Small Craft Association

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www.jgtsc.org

The 2017 John Gardner Small Craft Workshop

ering it electrically with a 36v golf cart motor. Hard acts to follow. Jim Friedlander then gave us a detailed description of his fully battened batwing lug rig attached to his self designed V-bottomed skiff, a balanced lug, it was stable and also fast.

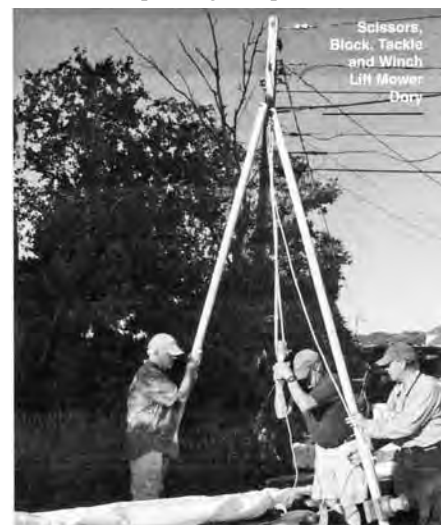
On Sunday Carl Kaufman extolled the virtues of his *Maude & Emeline* Atkin power skiff for oar and outboard with her stable flat bottom, enough rocker to easily row or push to a plane with a mighty Honda 2.3. Wrapping

up, Dan Nelson gathered a crowd around his recently completed Chesapeake Light Craft Sou'wester Dory, he deleted the optional engine well, going pure oar (with a pair of DeLapp oars he made) and sail (twin lug sails) that really make that 18' 3" dory scoot.

Meanwhile, while all this was going on, Brian Cooper was moving with the shade and carving a beautiful clear cedar Greenland kayak paddle, fielding lots of questions about how to customize it to one's own hands and stature. And further away from the water Ben Fuller was seen leading chattering groups of traditionalists to and through the Small Craft Hall (aka Rossie Mill) to lay hands on the museum's originals, many of which he had personally collected, each, whether workboat, canoe or sporting boat, had its own story.



Ben Fuller explaining a Naphtha Launch.



Scissors, block, tackle and winch lift Mower Dory.

Mornings commenced with rows either up the river (Saturday to the source of the mighty Mystic) or downriver (Sunday to the ever shrinking sandbar off Mason's Island). All participated from the multi oared *Afterglow* to skiffs, peapods, double paddle canoes and flatties to leader Brian Cooper's Greenland kayak. Wind and tide were against us both ways, of course, but we found some interesting byways through both the upriver marsh and downriver Six Penny Island.

Many thanks to the Seaport support team, Shannon McKenzie and Sarah Clement, local JGTSCA Chapter President, Dan Nelson, Phil Behney and his dory team and all the participants who volunteered their time to staff the booth, give presentations or just show up and have a good time.

Those who stayed on the Conrad said the snoring was not that bad this year, boats got loaded in and out with true team effort and the Saturday night BBO was a fun opportunity to meet friends both new and old. Definitely put it on your calendar for next year.



Downriver at Mason's Island.



Bill Meier's electric launch.



How to judge the weight of an oar.

Traditional Boat of the Month The Galway Hooker

Working Sailing Vessels
Of the West of Ireland

By John Hacunda



The Galway Hooker is a traditional sailing vessel found in the west of Ireland. The boats date from the 18th century and were built for fishing and transport along the coast and out to the Aran Islands. During this time when roads and railway systems were not well developed in the Galway area it was natural to design and build vessels to take advantage of the sea as a mode of commerce.

Galway Hookers are recognized by their strong sharp bow, sides that curve gracefully outward and a gaff rigged mainsail along with two headsails that are all traditionally maroon or black colored. The boats were constructed of oak frames to provide a strong, sturdy and maneuverable craft.

Galway was the main boat building center and a great number of these vessels were built during the early 1800s. There are four classes of Galway Hookers with the largest being from 35'-44' and the smallest around 20'. At one time the fishing fleets in Galway and nearby Connemara contained hundreds of these sailing vessels. In addition to fishing, the Galway Hookers were used for transporting people and for carrying cargoes of turf, livestock, seaweed, lime and other supplies.

By 1970 only two Galway Hookers remained and it appeared that these boats would soon fade into history. The restoration of *The Morning Star*, a hooker built around 1890, sparked a resurgence in interest these craft. The Galway Hooker Association was founded in 1978 with a goal of reviving these boats. There is now a growing fleet of restored Galway Hookers that are featured at maritime festivals in the west of Ireland.

During a visit to Ireland last summer I was fortunate enough to get to see a Galway Hooker under construction. I am thankful to Johnny Murphy of the Galway Ocean Sports Club who introduced me to Joe Joyce of the

Claddagh Boatmen. Joe was busy with the construction of a large Galway Hooker and was kind enough to take time to describe the project and some of the activities of the Claddagh Boatmen. The Claddagh Boatmen are a volunteer group that are passionate about maintaining Galway's maritime heritage.

Over the last ten years the Claddagh Boatmen have been busy restoring and constructing a fleet of Galway Hookers. Their boat building projects are funded by donations and the current build has been ongoing for the last two years. These boats are used to train younger generations in boat building, sailing and maritime skills. These sailing vessels are now a living reminder of the history of the region. The revival of the Galway Hooker will surely be a focus of attention when Galway proudly celebrates as the European Capital of Culture in 2020.

To Explore More

Claddagh Boatmen

www.claddaghboatmen.com

Galway Hooker Association

www.huiceiri.ie

Galway Hooker Festival, June Bank Holiday Weekend 2014 (video) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yDhhPw02WAY>

Galway Hooker Restoration Project 2014 by the Claddagh Boatmen (video) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QCjr23zPqc>

The Last of the Galway Hooker Men (video) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wUqB60pylHc>



Ready for morning row.

Building Skin-on-Frame Double Paddle Canoes



HILARY RUSSELL

A valuable book for building any skin-on-frame canoe, kayak, or rowboat. Plus the chapter on using willow for ribs connects ancient techniques with modern materials and design.

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Matt Murphy, Editor, *WoodenBoat Magazine*

"Hilary Russell...has demonstrated...how to build a vessel that combines beauty and practicality to a degree rarely achieved." **George Dyson, Author of *Baidarka***

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In mid August 2014, I received a random call from a gentleman inquiring about the 22' Custom Wooden Catboat that we build to order. We discussed at length various designs and the shallow water advantages of catboat cruising. His questions were on target and I sensed he knew what he wanted. About a week later he called again and introduced himself as Winslow Maxwell. We discussed more details and he explained that he wanted to sail from Nova Scotia to Puerto Rico via inland routes. He also wanted to be able to sail on the open ocean single handing for 12 to 18 hour voyages in the Gulf of Maine and the southern Gulfstream. He placed the order over the phone based on a contract price.

I asked him about options and he said, "Tony, design and build the boat as if you were an 87-year-old man and were doing this trip single handed." I asked for his height and build and he replied that he was 6' tall and 190lbs.

"Are you strong enough to raise a sail?" I asked.

"Of course, but give me a winch." I could tell he was angered a bit by the question.

"Anything else?" I asked.

"Yes, one other detail, the cushions need to be green with white piping."

I prepared a contract and sent it out. Weeks went by as we were doing all of our fall chores around the yard (hauling, putting boats away and preparing the boat building shop for winter builds, which included two 16' open models and two 14s, all glass hulls). I was getting concerned that I might have to lay off some crew due to no new wooden boat orders other than the contract we sent to Mr Maxwell. In the back of my mind I believed the Maxwell contract was a long shot and had not put a lot of stock in this order coming in. I couldn't help but think an 87-year-old turning a dream into reality was far from a possibility.

In October I headed to the Annapolis Boat Show. It had been 15 years since Arey's Pond had exhibited there. My last experience had been frustrating, having received no orders despite a lot of work trying to get one. The show went well and later in the month we confirmed an order for a 16' Open Lynx.

On the drive home I was not feeling great about the winter ahead. We had this new shop and a great team but we needed more work. Around noon I pulled over in New Jersey to take a break. I got a call from our office manager to report messages and she reported we had received a signed contract from Mr. Maxwell and deposit for \$80,000. As the news sank in, this wave of excitement consumed me.

When I got back on the road it was a completely different day. We had a huge challenge ahead of us, we were to build a 22' custom cold molded catboat in 10 to 12 months for an 87-year-old man to sail single handedly offshore.

My first call was to the boat building shop to inform our lead builder that we had our work cut out for us. My next call was to New Wave Systems to implement some design changes from the last 22' we had built in 2011 and to get the new offsets figured as fast as possible. We discussed a plan and their service is first class. My next call was to the shop that fabricates the molds, which would be cut on the CNC machine as soon as we had a fair set of lines. They were on board and ready to go.

The last two calls were to Forte Spars, Ledyard, Connecticut and America's Wood,

Maiden Voyage of the *Gracie Anne*

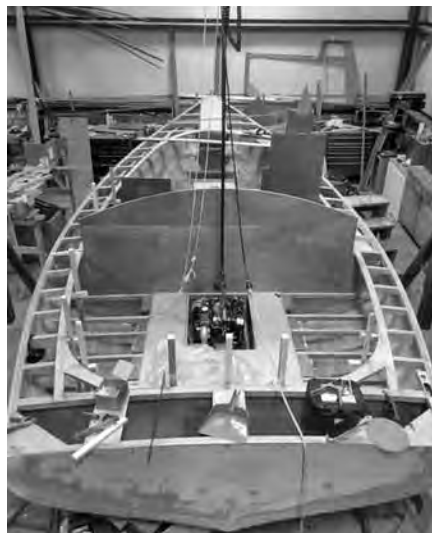
By Tony Davis



Washington, Maine. We decided to do all carbon for the spars with a faux varnished look. We also decided to strip plank her with 5/8" tongue and groove cedar with red cedar veneer vacuum bagged on a fir backbone for frame strength.

By January 8 she was set up and ready to fit the keel and centerboard trunk. Our boat builder from Bermuda, with a long history of wooden boat building, was leading one of our young guys who was raised in western Massachusetts and had just finished his schooling at The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding. Through the planking process we were not meeting our timeline and we were starting to fall behind. I was getting concerned. Our lead builder was moving at half speed due to a bad hip that was progressively getting worse. As for his apprentice, this was his first major project outside the school environment, he was still learning. So we decided to hire more help in order to get the planking done. But the shop was now busy with other new builds and repairs.

Trying to find skilled help is hard on Cape Cod but in early summer we managed to find a student from the IYRS school in Newport, Rhode Island. By June 10 the boat was flipped over, the bulkhead was in, the Yanmar motor was in and we were starting the cockpit framing and deck beams.



Mr Maxwell had not been in touch and I still had not met him, but the payments continued to come in steadily. In mid July I got a call from Winslow saying he was ready to go and he was headed to the Cape in late August.

He was holding me to the original ten months build timeline, which I knew was not possible. I explained it was going to be a year. I described my issues with my boat builder's hip and explained that the other builders were essentially apprentices under Bill and my tutelage. He was not happy with the news but fortunately he understood.

In late July Winslow called again. We discussed plans for him to live in our apartment above the boatyard until his boat was finished, he would arrive around the first week of September. By mid July the cabin top was done and a lot of the interior had been framed in.

On September 9 I pulled into the yard to check on things and I noticed a car I did not recognize. I walked into the office and there he was. Sitting in our big comfortable office chair, Winslow had one hand on his cane. He had white hair, a scrubby beard and a large overcoat. With a huge smile on his face, he said, "Hey there, you must be Tony." We shook hands and he stayed put in the chair and we discussed the boat, which I assumed he had already visited by now. He told me about some of his background, such as being Chief Financial Officer of Chris Craft and about boats he had owned over the years and the many sailing trips he had been on. But he had yet to bring up any details about the boat we were currently building. This is when I realized he had not seen it yet. When I asked if he'd like to, he said, "I would love to." He could not have been nicer to the crew despite the fact that she looked far from done.



As he left the shop he said, "I hope we will be sailing before the snow flies." He stayed in a local hotel until the last of our renters were out of the apartment. In a couple of days he was settled in our apartment overlooking Arey's Pond and planning his trip. We set a test launch date of October 22, exactly one year from when we received the deposit. We met the date and the test run went well. Winslow kissed the hull as *Gracie Anne*, named after his granddaughter, slid into Arey's Pond. As he admired the boat, he whispered under his breath, "Will my last sail be on *Gracie Anne*?"



Immediately afterward, we ran her around the pond to check the engine and trim. We then moved her back to the shop for final systems, interior details, final painting and varnishing. The crew was dedicated and put in long hours working well into the night. In the evenings I had been meeting with Winslow, working together to put a plan in place. I suggested we truck her to Virginia and start the trip there. He insisted on New Jersey. So I chose Hoffmanns yard in Brielle, New Jersey. We lined up a truck and on November 18 we shipped her south. Our sailing instructor and assistant rigger and I followed the truck with the rig.



The boat arrived at Hoffman's Boatyard Marina and the crew there was great. The owner even helped us out into the evening stepping the mast and the launch was in the dark. Winslow poured champagne on the stem head and gave her another kiss. She was now rigged in the water and on her lines for the first time. Winslow spent his second night in a local hotel, I slept aboard.



We took all the next day to get her fully rigged and ready to go. The big factor was the weather but fortunately it was on our side. Winslow spent the morning getting all his gear moved aboard. The most important item he insisted that we did not forget when loading was his guitar and music stand. We confirmed it was there in his pile of gear strewn about down below. It appeared he brought all his most important possessions including his ukulele, which often the guys heard him playing when staying in the apartment.



We left at noon from the fuel dock. The only issues were the tri color light at the masthead and the hot water heater. We had a plan to fix them in Virginia. We encountered three drawbridges as we headed to Barnegat Bay, and a strong current in Point Pleasant Canal connecting Breille to Barnegat Bay.



Soon we had the sail up and *Oliver*, Winslow's Lowell Boat Shop original flat bottom skiff, in tow. We were pleased with the set and function of the fully battened sail. All the hal-yards led back to the starboard side including the three jiffy reefing lines. So far so good, I thought to myself. We sailed to Toms River and were able to get a slip at the famous de Rouville's Boatyard where we were welcomed by the owner and a great crew.



We visited *Silent Maid* and *Vim*, which were being prepped for winter storage. Also, we viewed a couple of restoration projects of A Cats. It was nice for a Cape Cod catboat and her crew to be so warmly welcomed to the heart of the New Jersey catboat community in late November.

By 10am the next day we raised sail and tacked our way back up the Toms River with plans to make Atlantic City, but with strong currents and a dying breeze we ended up motor sailing to Beach Haven, arriving at sunset just after 4pm. None of us had been to the Jersey shore since hurricane Sandy, we witnessed what a devastating event it was.

By 6pm my assistant rigger, Trevor, and I took a cab back to Brielle, leaving Winslow for his second night alone aboard *Gracie Anne*. It was going to be a cold night in the 30s, so he stayed warm with shore power and a small cabin heater. Trevor and I found a hotel in Brielle, we picked up Winslow's car

and the APBY truck at Hoffmanns Marina. We left before sunrise the next morning, I headed back to Winslow and our rigger returned to the Cape.



I arrived at the yard at 8am. Winslow had made his coffee and was ready to roll. It was cold and overcast, we could see the casinos of Atlantic City on the horizon. It was windy and rainy, a chill of 20° swept against our faces. We motored all day, dressed in heavy gloves, light hats and long underwear, only to be uplifted by our beautiful surroundings. We went under a few bridges with only 2' of clearance. At sunset we found a marina just south of Ocean City. It was closed for the season but shore power still worked so we had heat. Ever since leaving Hoffmanns I was worried about Winslow and how he would do this single handed, my main concern was that his balance was not great.

Winslow's plan was to get to Miami on his own. He could do it easily, I thought, with competent help, but alone it was looking more like a dream than a reality. All the while I had been informing his family of our progress and my concerns.

The next morning in Ocean City we got a cab, took care of some business for Winslow and picked up some supplies. We were back on the waterway by 11am. It was another cold gray day. The sun was out at times but the wind was still 15 knots. We were hoping to make Cape May by sunset. We were very glad to only be drawing 2' because a few times we rubbed bottom in the Waterway. Had we been outside of the channel we could have easily gone aground.

Through the long straight sections we were able to use the autopilot and duck under the dodger. There was no boat traffic to worry about. In fact, we had only seen one sail in Barnegat bay and maybe six other boats underway during the entire week. It was the off season and everything was shut down. We hoped it would be different when we got to Cape May.

The catboat is perfect for this trip, I kept thinking, as we found our way around the buoys, through the towns, under the bridges and through the marshes. Winslow spent the most part of the last two days below reading though he was great about coming up and giving me a break. The systems aboard were running well, GPS, radar overlay, depth sounder alarm and the paper chart in a plastic liner spread out on the engine box. Winslow was very pleased with the layout and ease of reaching everything. Even the kettle on the propane stove was not a chore to reach for some hot tea.



We arrived in Cape May as a beautiful cold November sunset was setting over the town. We tied up to the inner harbor at South Jersey Marina where I had been in the past and I knew they had all we needed, shower, fuel and some necessary charts. I was surprised there was only one other transient in the marina, a large ketch from Canada. Otherwise just local fishing boats in the slips. We washed the boat down and cleaned her, fueled up and headed to dinner.

We found a nice seafood restaurant only 100 yards from our slip. Winslow ordered a lobster dinner, I ordered crab and we talked about many things, one of which was my concern of his single handing. He became a bit annoyed with my obvious worry and said it would be fine. "I got this," he said before striking up a conversation with the waitress in Spanish. She stopped me on our way out to say, "If he is a bother, I would happily take him home."

Winslow was an active Army GI in World War II. He was deployed to the South Pacific theater as an occupier. He told me how his military experience changed his life's direction. Before joining the military he had been doing poorly in school and after the military duty he went back to school and learned to become an accountant. I learned about his business, accounting skills and his second wife's experience in the newspaper business. They and others worked together to start *New York Magazine* in 1968.

With their connections to the media they were invited as tourists to camp on King George's Island in tents. There was a plan underway to open the Antarctic up to tourism. They had a great experience camping on the beach but the wind was so strong that their tents barely stood and one was lost.

Throughout the trip Winslow told me stories of hikes he took all over the world, including one in Ireland when he was alone and misjudged a mud pit and slipped in. He immediately sank to his waist and was paralyzed by the thick mud. He struggled for a while before thinking to himself, this is it. Eventually he discovered he could use his backpack to pull himself free. He hiked to a shelter where a woman washed his clothes and fed him. The mud smell was so bad that he thought she would tell him to go away.

Winslow had a particular charm that seemed to bring positive energy wherever he went. I think it reflects from his mindset. Although his body was acting as it should for a healthy man turning 90, his mind was still acting with a can do, positive attitude. As we walked back to *Gracie Anne* after dinner he needed my shoulder to lean on to walk the hundred yards, I was not sure if it was the gin or if he was tired.

I slept in a local hotel that night as I had on most nights, Winslow wanted the boat to himself. I arrived by 6am in the morning of November 22 and we headed out on a beautiful day with a picturesque sunrise. The air was still cold, frost layered the dock. We were expecting light winds from the south. We motored down the canal to the entrance of Delaware Bay. We were feeling the warmth of the sun. We were met by very disorganized sea conditions due to current and wind direction, wind was 15 knots gusting to 20 knots.

We slammed around for a while until we were clear of the breakwater and then set sail with two reefs. We set our course to sail down the Jersey side, we had a place in mind to spend the night but found no information about what would be available for service. With *Oliver* in tow and 3' seas beneath us, we settled into our first real open water sail. We were only doing 4 knots over the bottom. The forecast was for the winds to become lighter, we were fighting a strong outgoing current so we opted to motor sail to keep us at 6 knots. Soon the winds lightened and we went to full sail. The auto helm was a huge help as my hands were frozen still even inside gloves.

The hours passed as we routinely checked systems and depth. There was no sign of land, even though at times we were only in 11' of water. Winslow would come up for a watch and then head below to read. We discussed a plan to get me home for Thanksgiving. Thus would begin the start of his solo adventure.

We witnessed another spectacular sunset as we motored up a tight channel into a sleepy town called Fortescue located a little over halfway between Cape May and the C and D Canal. There was a family on the water pulling crab traps but otherwise we did not

see a single soul. We picked a floating dock with a ramp to tie up to in 2' of water. The sun was on the horizon as we tied up to the rickety float with no shore power.



As I was securing the boat Winslow was on the phone with his grandson. About an hour later a car pulled up and a man in limo driver outfit got out. Winslow was not going to sleep on the boat in the freezing temperatures that were forecast so we drove 30 minutes to Millville and found a room at a Holiday Inn Express. We had dinner at an Italian restaurant and I learned about the New York mafia and Winslow's love for movies. His favorite actor is Al Pacino and his favorite modern movie is titled *The Scent of a Woman*. He told me I had to see it sometime. As he sipped on his usual (double gin on the rocks) we told stories.

After our meal we called a cab back to our room. Winslow sang his way down the hallway as we went to our separate rooms. I reminded him I would be knocking at 6am. Our driver was going to meet us and get us back to *Gracie Anne* by 6:30. We had a big day planned. Winslow was up at 6am and off we went right on schedule. By now Winslow and the driver were the best of friends sharing all kinds of stories. There was the one the driver shared about transporting a quiet Michael Jordan to the race track in town and how well he tipped.

I held Winslow securely as we went down the icy boat ramp and back aboard. The engine fired right up, we headed out into a beautiful brisk sunrise dressed for the 20° temperature. We set full sail with a fair current and had a glorious sail to the canal, arriv-



ing two hours earlier than we expected. All day there was not a cloud in the sky. As the sun got higher, so did the warmth of the day. We lowered sail and started motoring down the canal.

Around 2pm we shed our jackets. People were running and biking on the canal trail. Winslow announced in a big yelp, "We are getting south! Yahoo!" Soon after Winslow went below, took out his uke and started singing.

We tied up at Summit Marina about a third of the way down the canal. Winslow made arrangements for me to have someone drive me back to Long Beach, New Jersey, and from there I would take his rental car back to the Cape. I went over all the details with the boat and systems before leaving, we topped off the fuel tanks. We discussed a daily plan for his solo trip. We discussed that 30 miles a day would be a good goal.



I pushed him to reconsider going alone and waiting for me to come back after Thanksgiving. He said, "No. At some point this had to be my boat, not yours." He continued, "I am better off trying this than sitting alone in an assisted living home. This boat is now my home until I can no longer manage." I agreed, and wondered out loud if perhaps his grandson or someone else could come as crew. He insisted that he was all set.

We shook hands. He was ready for me to leave, this was about him and his adventure not me or someone else taking him on one. After letting go of my hand, he immediately turned around as if he was going below. I walked down the dock, resisting the urge to turn and look back at my friend. Maybe he would be looking back at me with a face that was reconsidering the plan.

When I got to the top of the ramp a large black SUV pulled into the marina ten minutes ahead of schedule. A very nice guy, originally from Pakistan, gave me a ride from Delaware to Long Beach, New Jersey. I tried to sleep but too many thoughts about Winslow and the trip kept me awake. We pulled into the marina after a four hour drive and I got in Winslow's car and went back to the Cape. I didn't stop, arriving at 1am Thanksgiving morning.

When I woke up Thanksgiving morning, my first thoughts were about Winslow, was he going to move on or take a day off? Would he possibly wait for his grandson Steve to help him? Our contact at Dempsey Marine Service did all the systems aboard the boat and we put AIS tracking on his GPS and VHF so we could always keep an eye on his progress.

Around noon I thought it would be a good idea to check on him. Using vessel finder I was able to see that he was underway, I was very impressed. His line was straight and right on course. I had to admit I was amazed, I was worried about him just getting all his lines aboard and shore power cord. I

was clearly wrong, he did have it in him. I checked on him around 3pm and he was closing in on a harbor on the western shore. Must have been a long day, I thought.

An hour or so later I checked on him again to make sure he arrived in the harbor safely. I was greeted by bright tracks zig zagging all over the place. He seemed to be going back and forth outside of Pleasure Island off the town of Edgemere. I called Winslow to check on him. He had run aground entering the harbor, so he had set the anchor. I pinpointed his exact location and we talked through a plan. He was able to raise the anchor and reverse out of the shoals. He found his way into the marina and tied up for the night.

The next day was a tough one. As I watched him on the tracker, I noticed he was having trouble getting on a proper course. I was thinking he must be tired, I called him and gave him a proper bearing and soon he was headed down the bay. No sailing, just motoring, he made it to Tilghman Island by dark and tied up at the first marina he saw.



The marina had an inn so he checked into a room and called me. He told me how difficult the day was, he could not get the auto pilot plug in properly so he had to hand steer all the way. It was hard to get positions from the GPS while also managing the tiller, let alone go below for food and try to stay warm. He asked me if I could find someone to help him get to Norfolk. I said I would try.

I decided to go. Our contact at Dempsey Marine, Tom, was driving to Florida for a job the next day and we still had issues with the hot water heater. He could work on that on his way down, leaving me to sail with Winslow. So we left the Cape at 4:30am on November 30. We arrived on Tilghman around 3pm with enough daylight to work on the water heater and the masthead light. *Gracie Anne* was looking good and Winslow was in good spirits and ready to get going again. He took Tom and I out to dinner and put us up in rooms at the Inn. Despite the off season, everyone was very nice and helpful as we made our way around for some supplies.



In the morning Tom was off to Florida and Winslow and I fueled up and got organized. We took off into a wet 38°. Fog floated above the bay. Wind was head on about 8 knots so we motored. Winslow spent most of the day below due to the weather. We passed many fisherman in their traditional deadrise boats, we saw one working skipjack heading into Tilghman Island.



I had the radar on with the GPS overlay. As we got out into the middle of the bay the visibility became less than a mile. We had to cross the main channel to get to our destination, Solomon Island. And just as we were planning the crossing, two large vessels over 100' came up on the radar. One headed west and one headed east, we would end up between them on our current course. We slowed down and let one pass. We spotted a barge and tug less than a half mile off, we then proceeded across the Bay. As we started our approach into the Rappahannock River the fog lifted and we could see our markers. We were tied up in a marina on Solomon Island by 3pm.

The weather forecast for the next day was not good. We woke up to clear skies, cold fall weather and winds gusting over 30 knots so we cleaned up the boat, dried out our gear and changed the oil with the help from a local boatyard. I walked around visiting what I could, but most of the tourist attractions were closed, including the Calvert Maritime Museum. I was able to walk around the grounds and see many of the different Chesapeake Bay boat designs. Winslow spent most of the day below reading.

On November 31 we awoke to a clear day and a fresh frost on the dock. Winds were still brisk from the northwest. We left at sunrise, motoring out past the harbor entrance shallows. Once clear, still in the river, we set sail. We had a broad reach for Sandy Point. Since we lost a day we were not going to make it to Norfolk together, I had a business commitment I had to get back to.

We had a great sail. Two to three foot following seas, two reefs to start then one reef as the wind lightened. As we approached the mouth of the Potomac we were doing close to 7 knots. It was frigid cold, the sun sat behind the sail depriving us of its warmth.

Around 2pm we made our turn into a narrow channel called little Wicomico River at Smith Point right on the Virginia/Maryland line. We noticed the tidal rip, took the sail down and motored in. We both commented on what a beautiful spot, Cape Cod like white sand everywhere, lots of open space with homes tucked back inside the river landscape and plenty of shallow water.



We wound our way above 20" of water to the Smith Point Marina. The sun felt good in this protected hurricane hole on the river. We were greeted by the owner who lived at the boatyard, a retired navy officer. He could not have been more helpful and understanding of Winslow's adventure. The owner arranged a ride for me to a car rental company that was about an hour away and I was off to the airport in DC, leaving Winslow alone once again. He was in good spirits.



He was only a day or two from the Intra-coastal Waterway and his grandson was only a couple of hours away, he felt ready to try again. The next day was a workday at Arey's Pond and I was at the yard early to catch up on end of the season protocols. Around 10am I checked the AIS tracker to see how Winslow was doing. He was on the move, but his path was not straightforward getting down the river to the inlet. I assumed he must have

run aground a couple of times. As the day went on I checked on his progress and it was OK, he was following the shoreline pretty well. I was hoping he would make Norfolk by sunset but he didn't.

We talked at the end of the day and he was tied up to someone's private dock on the southern end of Mobjack Bay. He had no shore power, therefore no heater but it was not too cold. His voice was slow and nervous, he sounded a bit defeated. He had hoped to make it to Norfolk.

The next day, December 5, I had Winslow on the tracker and he was headed toward Norfolk. I figured he would be going under/over the tunnel bridge around 1pm. I was worried about his fuel level but if he visited the downtown marina in Norfolk he should be fine.

I checked around 2pm and I did not like what I saw. He had missed the turn into Norfolk completely and was headed out to sea. I called him at 2:30. He answered his phone and seemed in great spirits. I asked him if he knew where he was. He said, "Yes, headed into Norfolk." I explained, "No, you are headed out to sea." He told me everything was fine, that he knew where he was. He commented that the sea swells were getting bigger. I explained that is a North Atlantic ocean swell. He said, "No, I am fine," and hung up on me. I called him back and asked him what he saw to port. There should be land within a half mile. He said there was.

That's impossible, I thought, he must be very tired. I asked about *Oliver*, the skiff, how was it doing?

"I cut it loose," he said, "it was in my way." I then had the horrible thought of the comments Winslow made throughout the construction of *Gracie Anne*, "this will be my coffin." Was he headed to sea to never return? I wondered. His voice was anxious and spirited but he was definitely confused.

So in a plea, I called him back after he had hung up on me for the third time. Before he could tell me he was fine, I spoke with a stern voice, "Winslow you are headed out to sea. You have missed the turn to Norfolk by miles and you will be out of fuel soon. It will be dark in two hours."

He responded, "I am fine," before hanging up for the fourth time. I paced around the boatyard, I guess this was the plan. This is why he was so insistent that I get off the boat.

About 15 minutes went by before my phone rang. It was Winslow, his voice was different, there was a scared, anxious tone to it. "Am I in trouble?" He asked, "The seas are getting big."

"Yes," I said. He asked me what he should do, I told him, turn around and motor on the reciprocal course. He asked if he should call the Coast Guard. I replied, "Yes, give them your position in case you run out of fuel." He ended up calling Sea Tow and the Coast Guard picked up the call. They were on patrol and had *Gracie Anne* in their sights. The luck of Winslow Maxwell was still with him. The AIS tracker was the best thing we put on the boat, it was hooked up to his VHF as well so when he called from the VHF they had him. Winslow had come to the edge of the cliff and just when he was ready to jump he realized it was not his time.

The Coast Guard towed Winslow back to a Marina in Little Creek. They secured *Gracie Anne* to the dock and helped him get settled with shore power and his heater. They made him coffee. After the Coast Guard left I imagined him in the ship's cabin playing his uke and singing at the top of his lungs, sipping some gin, then falling soundly to sleep in his down sleeping bag, fully dressed.

The next day Winslow's grandson and his family, including his daughter and son, *Gracie Anne* and *Oliver*, came down to the boat and visited with Winslow and helped clean up the boat, fuel her and do some shopping. After their day together, Winslow called me and asked me to come down and help him get the boat to Florida.

All of us at Arey's Pond dedicate this story to our friend Winslow Maxwell and his family. Winslow peacefully passed away on January 10, 2017, in Gainesville Florida. We will miss his smile and positive attitude. *Gracie Anne* will sail on.






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Stunning Shorelines

Paddling around the Gaspé Peninsula, around Cape Breton Island and up the western shore of Newfoundland were some of my most memorable and most spectacular trips in my 17' solo Verlen Kruger sea canoe. A close rival to those faraway venues, however, was one of my first trips ever, namely rounding Mount Desert Island (MDI) in my home state of Maine. It is so much more doable (only about 60 miles from my front door), and has vistas rivaling those areas mentioned above.

To get the most of such a magnificent tall island like MDI with its many mountain peaks, I had learned over the years, one should not cling to the shoreline, as I did on my first trip, but view the island from some distance. So this time around I decided to skirt the outer perimeter of Frenchman Bay, to the north of MDI, and drop down to the Cranberry Isles, to the south of it as well. And what a spectacular 80-mile trip it turned into. Let me tell you all about it.

Each year in mid-July I enter the Blackburn Challenge 20-miler around Cape Ann in Gloucester, Massachusetts (my 16th consecutive race this year in my solo outrigger canoe), but I can hardly wait to do my solo canoe camping trip somewhere along the Atlantic shores. So, four days after the always rough and tiring four-hour race, I was all packed up and off to Frazer Point park on the Schoodic Peninsula for an early morning put-in on July 26.

Unfortunately the tide was dead low, but I was able to "wheelie" my boat with most of my packs in it down to the water's edge. I had studied the tides in advance for each day I was going to be on the water and had carefully planned my put-ins and take-outs. 10' of tide are significant, which for most of my chosen overnight spots meant that I either could not land there because of the surrounding extensive mudflats and seaweed covered rocks, or take off the next morning. This is how it worked out.

Rounding Frenchman Bay

Day one took me nicely with the flood tide, counterclockwise around the outer perimeter of Frenchman Bay, behind Ironbound, Jordan, Stave, Calf and Preble Island to Sorrento Harbor. A granola bar, a carrot and a small dish of applesauce were my lunch, washed down with plenty of water. The day had turned hot, and the wind was piping up from the south southwest, across the wide open bay. The air was crystal clear, the distant MDI mountain range stood out from the horizon as a stunning inky blue toothy line, just what I had hoped it would do. I had to take a picture of it, with Dram Island in the foreground, to give it the proper depth of perspective.

Low tide put-in at Frazer Point, Schoodic Peninsula.



Around Frenchman Bay & Mount Desert Island Maine

By Reinhard Zollitsch
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However, I could not linger long. Waves were beginning to break everywhere. The bay suddenly turned white, and my trip across to Hancock Point was getting very sporty. My weather radio spoke of 20-25 knot winds. It was there that I met another paddler, not a good place to stop and chat, I thought, but quickly learned he was heading for Lamoine Beach, while I was going a bit deeper into the bay to Marlboro Beach. However, he recognized me in my unique Verlen Kruger sea canoe and maybe by my still slight German accent, and was delighted to see me. "Nice to meet you, Reinhard," he shouted in my direction, as we got separated, dancing the by now significant waves. He looked like a confident paddler, and I was sure he would make it fine to his destination. I had enough to do to stay upright myself.

I had hoped to land for the night at the only deep water spot along the north shore of Marlboro Beach, but had no luck. There were only private places, mostly with a very steep shorelines. So I went deeper into the bay, knowing that tomorrow morning would be very difficult to get off. My chart showed that almost the entire bay runs dry. Well, that was too bad now! I had to land somewhere. High tide made that very easy. I found a small pebble beach just big enough for my tent. The next high tide at 2am, though, would be very close, I figured, and it was, 2' from my tent door.

But right now I enjoyed the high water, went swimming, did some writing and reading, pressed my SPOT locator beacon, as well as phoned Nancy on my satellite phone at 5pm. The trip had begun, and as usual, it is never easy. I had to be sharp and work for it. Coffee and cocoa tasted good, though.

Into Blue Hill Bay

Low tide was at 8:42 this morning, and there was no way to get off my little sand/gravel spit before that. I figured I might be able to float off farther down my beach two hours after low, and I did. Fog and light rain changed to an overcast sky, which eventually cleared somewhat. The wind started light, 5-10 knots from the SW, but increased by the hour. Today would take me to the only bridge onto MDI. This big significant island, including Acadia National Park, is visited yearly

by at least four million tourists. In 2016 the Park was especially busy, as it was celebrating its 100th birthday. This two-lane bridge is a real bottleneck for cars, trucks and RVs, but of course not for me in my canoe. It is a fixed bridge, allowing even small motorboats to pass under. The most important thing again is figuring the tide right: it floods very hard east to west, into Blue Hill Bay.

After a brief stop at the bathhouse in the Thompson Island Park right at the bridge, I flushed under the bridge with conviction. But oh my! Blue Hill Bay was white! The wind was piping up through Bartlett Narrows with a vengeance, say 20-25 knots. I was in for a slugfest, which I did not really need at age 78 and only days after the hard Blackburn Challenge race. I clawed my way ever so slowly along the left shore towards Indian Point, until I finally found some shelter behind Green Island. I needed a break, some food, and especially water. Refortified, I set out to cross the last 1.2 mile gap from High Head to The Hub, the tiny rock island north of Bartlett Island. It was a no mistake situation, dancing in parallel waves. But it felt good, still being able to master those conditions, all on my own.

Landing on The Hub, a Maine Island Trail Association (MITA) site, at high tide with nobody else there, was a delight, which coaxed a tired but proud "YES!" out of me. With renewed energy, I set up camp on the only tent spot on the island under the still antiridden old pine tree. But if I remember to zip my tent screens at all times, this is no problem. There even was some lush grass at the take-out (on the northern tip of the island) to rest my boat on. The three Rs came easy this afternoon: resting, reading and (w)riting. I had earned it today. Coming to think about it, this was some of the hardest paddling I ever had to do, in order to get anywhere.

I slept till sunrise at about 5am, only there was no sun. The FOG was so thick, I could not even see Bartlett Island, a stone's throw away from my humble abode. I have no problem with that, especially since there was hardly any wind. High tide was at 3:18am, and I figured I still would be able to get off this rock at half tide, i.e. at 6:18am. And that remained the routine for the rest of my trip: up at 5am, off by 6am, with the tide getting better by almost one hour each day. But it also meant: pack up tent and all gear, portage everything to the boat, pack and set up the boat and push off, all on an empty stomach.

I am sorry to say, though, that this morning I had to slither my 65lb boat over a smooth, gently sloping rock shelf and seaweed, before it floated off, without leaving too much white gelcoat on the rocks. Paddling in the thick o' fog with an easy to fol-

MDI mountain tops as seen from Marlboro Beach.





The Hub.

low shoreline (even though I can't see it) is magical for me, doing it all by chart, compass and stop watch, the old-fashioned dead reckoning way. No, I still do not have (or want) a GPS system, which would tell me where I am and where I should be going. I want to figure that out myself and keep my mind busy and involved in my trip. Only a few lobster boats were tending their traps. They should see me on their radar screen, I thought confidently, since I have a high-tech Lunenburg lensatic passive radar reflector mounted on my deck.

Going down Bartlett Narrows to the south, inside of John and Folly Islands without seeing either shore, was delightful, a perfect moment of ocean solitude. Then, approaching Moose Island, the sun began to burn off some fog and created something I had never seen before: a "fogbow", like a rainbow, only this time with more muted colors, shades of gray and varied lights. I got it on film, the right half as well as the left half of the "fogbow", and even the reflection of the bow on the almost calm surface of the water. What a sight!



"Fogbow" off Moose Island (left side).

"Fogbow" off Moose Island (right side).



The fog then hung around some more along the rocky shoreline, like long wafting strands of mermaid hair, illuminated from behind by the early rays of the rising sun. A real "National Geographic moment".



View into Bass Harbor from Sawyers Island.

It was mesmerizing, or was the fog getting to me? But ever so slowly the fog burnt off completely, allowing me to see deep into the next five bays, past Rumell Island and Goose Cove Rock, all the way into Bass Harbor eventually. Two porpoises were playing off Lopaus Point, before I turned into Bass Harbor proper, a real fishing, ferry (to Swans Island) and tourist harbor.

My MITA overnight spot was on Sawyers Island off Anns Point. It was deep into the harbor, surrounded by extensive mudflats and a long rocky beach, which I knew in advance. Low tide had been at 9:30 this morning, an hour ago, since I had paddled today's 14 miles in 4.5 hours. When the tide had crept up to the rocky slope, I started portaging my gear to my campsite, which was nicely shaded and had a great view to the south into the harbor. I rested up from yesterday's hard paddle and got a lot of reading done. Life was good.

Crossing the Bar

(Literally, not in the sense of Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

The night was quiet and cold; I was wearing my polypropylene long underwear and wool socks in my sleeping bag. I was off again at 6am, two hours after high tide, which was no problem. A beautiful sunrise made packing up at 5am a bit easier. But I did not like the weather forecast, speaking of northeast winds at 10-15 knots, which would be right on the nose for today's very exposed course. First, I had to cross the very formidable Bass Harbor Bar, which floods hard to the west and ebbs equally strongly to the east. I had planned that right when I first considered my trip around MDI. I had just gotten my camera out to take a picture of the Bass Harbor Light, when the current took hold of me and almost blew me by it. To boot, the sun was right behind it, and I had to wait to get a good shot of the lighthouse. Then there was the very exposed corner into Western Way, with huge Long Ledge lurking at the turning point, not to mention the headwind.

Bass Harbor Light.



But stroke by stroke I made it around that obstacle and along the impressive seawall at Seawall, what else could they name this boulder shoreline. The deeper I got into the Western Way, which by now was ebbing significantly, making for very slow progress forward, I got into more and more civilized areas: large old mansions with fancy sailboats tied up to long wooden walkways towards deeper water, resting on criss-crossed granite slabs. The little town of Manset is the place where the most prestigious sailboats, the Hinckleys, are being built. The sailor in me was drooling, spotting some Bermuda 50s.

Most impressive, though, was the look up Somes Sound from here, flanked by rather tall mountains on both sides. For a moment I was tempted to paddle the seven miles up the sound to Somesville, but decided against it, since it was ebbing strong and the wind was funneling down it, and I still had quite a ways to go to my next stop on Crow Island off the Cranberry Isles. Instead I tucked behind the Southwest Harbor breakwater and enjoyed my belated breakfast. Good decision!

Down to the Cranberry Isles

I then crossed over from the Coast Guard station to Greening Island and from there to Bear Island with its prominent lighthouse. It sits just outside of Northeast Harbor and looks very photogenic high up on a sheer cliff face. I took several pictures also, but noticed that the closer I got to it, the more it disappeared.

Bear Island Light.



My course then took me around Sutton Island and from there straight south along Little Cranberry Island's western shore, through The Gut to tiny Crow island, which is a MITA stopover. Another 4-hour paddle for the day.

Again, nobody was there, and I could pitch my little Eureka on the only tent platform on the highest point of the island. There was no shade, but the view was spectacular. I had a panoramic view of the entire Mount Desert Island. I counted 12 mountain peaks, with the Cranberry Isles serving as a low, green foreground. Very impressive, and very worth all the hardship that I had encountered getting here. For you non-boaters out there, you can also take the ferry from Northeast Harbor to Islesford on Little Cranberry and enjoy this view as well as the friendly hospitality of this island.

When I arrived on Crow Island, I was able to drag my boat over seaweed to a level ledge, just high enough above the full tide. Since it turned into a hot day, I had to cool off frequently in the still quite cold Atlantic (barely 60°F). It never really warms up enough on these outer islands to enjoy a longer swim. And I make absolutely sure this does not happen "by mistake" from my boat.

Up the Eastern Shore of MDI

The last four days I had paddled about 15 miles in four hours each day, (in the Blackburn Challenge I do 20 miles in the same time, but in an empty, much faster boat). This day was going to be even longer (6 hours for 19 miles). But the shoreline was simply spectacular, but also very exposed. My weather radio mentioned winds from the NNE 10-15, i.e. again on the nose and a tad from the wide open Atlantic side, no shelter or helping hand from behind; another rough paddle ahead.

Well, I was off again without breakfast at 6am, heading straight north via Sutton Island towards Seal Harbor. From there I just followed the steep shore around four major points: Western and Otter Point, Great and Schooner Head. It was a hard and often dicey paddle, especially negotiating the reverberating waves off the steep shore, but I clawed my way up towards the Bar Harbor breakwater and into the inner harbor. The big cruise ship, the *Dutch Marsdam*, which I had seen earlier this morning at sunrise from my perch on Crow Island, was already anchored behind Bald Porcupine Island, disgorging its passengers in several people-mover boats towards shore. The four-masted schooner *Natalie Todd* was about to push off with a load of tourists. I saw the boat later on the inner Frenchman Bay. Its full set of russet sails was very impressive.

I held onto the town float and finally got to eat my belated breakfast. I had plenty of time to admire the huge (117' long) Sparkman & Stevens designed, ketch-rigged luxury yacht *Knickerbocker*. I felt, though, a boat of that stature needed a name to match its opulence. *Knickerbocker* would only be acceptable to me, if the owner also owned the old Knickerbocker brewery, the Knickerbocker hotel on Times Square, NY, or the New York Knicks basketball team. The whole affair could then be a very pretty tax write-off, I mused. It can also just mean "I am a New Yorker", Nancy informs me.

Be that as it may, after today's initial four-hour stint in my little 17 footer, I was off for another two hours, island hopping across the entire Frenchman Bay. This took me past the Porcupine islands to the north-



Classic and modern visitors to Bar Harbor.

ern tip of Ironbound Island and from there straight south along Grindstone Neck to Little Crow Island, next to the slightly bigger Crow Island. Yes, another Crow Island.

So today I paddled from one Crow Island (in the Cranberry Isles) to Little Crow Island, off Grindstone Neck. Both are MITA islands and are rarely visited, and even less so used for overnight camping. Little Crow is not much bigger at high tide than my two-person tent. It is made up of ground-up shells with a few slightly higher rough looking granite ledges, where one could escape if bigger swells decided to roll in. I had camped here in 2006, when I did the entire Maine Island Trail from Cape Porpoise to Machias on the Canadian border. I loved it then and did again this year. The view across Frenchman Bay to MDI, specifically of Cadillac, Dorr and Champlain Mountains, is absolutely spectacular.

Since Little Crow is the only MITA island around in this area, and since six hours of paddling nineteen miles against the wind and an ebbing tide are more than enough, this was a perfect spot to stop. I also had to plan my take-out for tomorrow. It had to be near high tide, which was at 6:33am. 8am would still be OK at the Winter Harbor town ramp, I figured, which would save me the long uphill haul at Frazer Point on the Schoodic Peninsula, where I had started my trip. "Could you make it there, dear Nancy and pick me up? Any time in the morning would be fine. I have some reading left for the wait..." As usual I phone Nancy at 5pm every afternoon on my sat phone as a kind of safety check-in. (No social call at \$1.40 per minute, and no way to recharge my batteries).

Summary

And so ended my trip. I was just putting my boat down on the grass alongside the road when Nancy arrived at 7am sharp (yes, she got up real early in Orono, to make it down to Winter Harbor in time). "Thanks a million. I really appreciate it. You are a gem!"

And how was the trip, you readers might ask, as she did right then. Hard, but stunningly beautiful! Paddling around the big island on a trip is so different from putting in at Bartlett Narrows on a perfect day for an hour's paddle or two, or drifting down Somes Sound with the tide and a slight northerly, or rounding Bear Island from Southeast Harbor on a nice sunny day, just to mention a few popular day trips. No, when I am on a trip I am committed to what the weather dishes out, what the tides are doing and where I can camp for the night. Yes, out of my five full days of paddling, I had four really rough/challenging days. If you are bothered by fog (and I am not), the fifth day wasn't perfect either.


My idea of seeing MDI from slightly afar worked out perfectly. By going around the perimeter of Frenchman Bay, I got stunning views of the many mountain tops from the Sorrento area in the north, as well as from Crow Island in the Cranberry Isles in the south. And yes, I enjoyed yet another breathtaking view towards the mountains of MDI from the eastern shore of the bay, from my tiny last island post of Little Crow Island off Grindstone Neck. Three great viewing sites, one each from the north, the south and the east! Sorry, no views from the west; thick fog obscured all but the very shoreline.

Hope my pictures came out, but believe me, there is nothing like being there yourself! And that is the beauty of Mount Desert Island: it is beautiful close up, but also stunning from afar, as Samuel de Champlain must have seen the bluish silhouette of the many mountain tops when he sailed by here in 1604. And so he named this prominent, biggest island on the Maine coast: "L'Isle des Monts-déserts", the island of the bare rocky mountain tops.

So, go see it! But boaters, be prudent. It is a big and very exposed island, with very hard, foreboding looking shores, in anything but the best of weather. Enjoy and be safe!



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MDI mountain tops as seen from Sorrento Harbor.



View up Somes Sound.



Bare MDI mountain tops as seen from Crow Island.



Sunset over MDI mountain top skyline.

Little Crow Island with MDI in background.





Yep, Everything Fits Inside Well, Almost Everything

By Reinhard Zollitsch

Even on my longer trips, all my gear is stowed below deck. In the very bow and stern I stuff an inflated float bag. My large “shelter bag” holds my tent, mattress, sleeping bag and Crazy Creek chair. It stows forward of my steering foot pegs. Two 10-liter water tanks fit under my seat. Behind my seat is a milk crate (in a bag) holding all my food. Then there is a larger bag for my clothes and personal things, my books as well as propane and cook stove, shoved under the rear deck. A small bag behind the milk crate holds all my electronic gear. A container rope hold all bags behind me in place. (The large bag in the bow cannot possibly get loose.)

There is space in my boat for one more lidded milk crate and one more medium sized dry bag. This MDI trip was only one week, and I have gone 23 days without replenishing my supplies (except for topping off my water containers).

On deck I only have a spare paddle forward as well as my chart case and compass. The “small duffle” you found on my rear deck is actually my self-righting pole with kayak-float. It fits into a sleeve on my deck, way forward. (Hope I never have to use it, though).



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Bob and Larry (Fiction)

Bob and Larry got home all right from their small boat adventure on the Texas coast. Had the time of their lives, far more than what they had expected. Wore out, tired, sore and content as could be, two school buddies after 30 some years, more like 40 pushing 50 I was informed.

These boys had outdone themselves. Had decided to do the full monty in the dead of winter on the Texas coast. They had elected to follow the same route as the boys of summer. A simple drop off and pick up unless the unforeseen came along. They came equipped, prepared and hyped beyond all reason. If ever there were two fellows one would like to see again, these two fit the bill.

I was told that on the flight home they were dead asleep, the flight attendant had to rouse them awake for the refastening of the belts. "Mr Bob, Mr Larry, wake up, we're approaching landing." She didn't know their last name and I never learned them myself. The excited schoolboy atmosphere had infected the entire plane, two outspoken ambassadors for dinghy sailing, quite a dream, eh?

Their wives had met them at the airport, the plumber was fast asleep before his wife even excited the airport. The lawyer, it seems, was off and running as if he had just got back from a business trip. A fellow lawyer from the home office had called just as his wife, driving, pulled from the curb of baggage claim. "Your client got three years! BTW, how was the trip?"

Well, Larry and Bob said they'd be back next year. They hoped to make it a yearly pilgrimage, a sort of running of the bulls, a holy grail, a good thing to do. They had taken the only two small sailboats offered, a 12 and a 14, one reworked heavily by the owner, the other kept stock, that would be the 14. "Two identical," they said, might be better for sailing side by side yet they had no regrets, trepidations a plenty, but no regrets.

They hadn't been rained on, hadn't experienced a Texas norther, the weather actually could not have been better. During a norther, they were forewarned, dry suits would be best, even without a norther, the water here in midwinter will kill ya.

So Bob and Larry have started a new page, or chapter, in their decades long friendship, their wives ever grateful for older husbands still carrying on about the dreams of youth.

Port Lavaca

I went there today to visit a friend, an old shrimper, iron worker, bait stand owner, among a host of other employments over the years. He's had his share of escapades in those same years as well. He's not pushing 80, he is 80. His wife is 84, has fallen four times just in the last month, quit driving a few years back.

He snuck away to Whataburger with me. While out, I asked what he had been doing. "Babysitting!" was his quick and short reply. "It's been hard and lonely."

If we live long enough we will get there ourselves. The few that see 90+ and remain healthy seem somehow to give us younger ones a false sense of hope. False because the odds show the 90s are reached by only a relative few. But we dream. Five years back now,

Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

while sailing my only, so far only, Texas 200, I met one of those rare breeds. As fate would have it we are now communicating after parting ways there in Seadrift at the end of that year's sail.

Our first meeting was on the docks at Port Mansfield, the first stop. Just briefly did we talk. Garry was his name, he was doing the 200 with his grandson. In the morning they were gone before I was back from the bathroom. Our second meeting was at the Corpus Christi Yacht Club. I was stirring at 3am and so was Garry, tinkering with something on the borrowed Lido he was sailing. Our third and last meet was there in Seadrift. I was standing in my Paradox, Garry was on the dock, we were shooting the breeze and up walks a younger couple, the fellow introduces an equally younger gal, she shook his hand and said to Garry she just had to meet him.

I asked Garry at that same time how old he was? "Eighty-five!" said Garry. Well, looking up at him I says, "You're an inspiration." He was, and he still is. Writing these missives, as I do, I got a letter from Garry because he stumbled across them in *Messing About in Small Boats*. Bob Hicks was kind enough to make our connection.

The sparkle in the eye, the shining light of the imagination, they can still be kept burning, Garry and others are testament to that. Mr Hicks as well. So old shrimpers, iron workers, magazine editors, our hats are off to ya! May we always cherish the wisdom we gain from you guys.

(Editor Comments: This is another small world thing. Garry was once an advertiser and subscriber to my motorcycle sport magazine back in the early '60s. Long gone our separate ways, we reconnected some 40 years later when he came across *MAIB*.)

I Learned Something...

I learned something today, after 40 years pulling boat trailers, there's still room for growth. First, another something a friend showed me a few months back that, in itself, surprised me to no end. A simple procedure of pulling the tongue jack handle of an empty trailer to move it about is so much easier than my way of the past all too many years.

Most reading this probably think this is old hat, having learned to do so in the first six months of small sailboat ownership. Not this guy. My hard headedness has kept me in the back of the bus for so long I never realized they now are driven by the better looking sex.

Well, today's lesson I stumbled upon all on my own. Forty-one years ago I hitched up my first homebuilt sailboat, a Glen-L El Gato catamaran, all 12' of her. If I remember correctly that sailboat had only two shrouds and a forestay, them's the wires used to hold up the mast unless, of course, the dock gets in the way as it did upon my first sail. Those things happen.

Well, I've been putting the third rig on the Lightning and it's just about ready to go into the water again. The original rig was a sloop, the mast had two repairs to it, I didn't trust it anymore. For the second rig, a lug, I hand sewed the sail from a big ole jenny, about 150sf or so is what I ended up with.

The mast is an old RV awning boom. Plenty strong, I had added a forestay and port and starboard shrouds.

Didn't like it. On the first sail I saw right away the shroud would rub a long hole real quick in my new sail. I let that one slip by. So I built a wooden tabernacle I saw on a Duckworks page, extending down through the foredeck. It needs work as well and in the process of waiting for an answer to float by, another rig came my way, or came back to me, I should say.

A sloop rig, shorter mast, less sail area, which is fine by me, with boom furling. This little rig is overkill for this Lightning. Three shrouds per side, one of them being the top cap shroud, if that's what it's called, with fore and afters. Strong.

Well, this stumbling and learning thing came just as nice as can be, albeit 40 years later it seems. The fore shrouds need to be disconnected in order to lower the mast using the gin pole. A simple lashing now keeps it all nice and neat, keeping it from the tangles and lost turnbuckles, which I've done as well. I'm sure there's more learning coming my way. It seems to follow me around.

Went Sailing

Went sailing yesterday. Gusting to 26. I got wet, the *Red Top*, as I now call my 12' Lehman conversion, sounds much better calling her that over *Leadbelly* because she's sporting 90#s of lead in her lower regions, she got wet as well. She did fine, got a good wash job out there. Good for her and me as well. Again we had it all to ourselves, the girl and I. Today at the ramp a fishing guide I talk with quite often said I looked like a character sailing out of Key West. I laughed and took it as a compliment.

One day on the docks I had gotten in ahead of him by minutes. Him with his clients, him edging the dock as well the dock lines, I said, "Throw me a line."

"Line?" he says, "We call 'em ropes around here," laughing. Coastal Texas has been nice. Lots and lots of sailing, good winds a majority of time, friendly people, few sailors.

I don't like saying this but I'm getting ready for a trip. Just me and the girl, *Red Top*. I guess that is a funny name. I don't ever plan on putting it on her behind.

Brings to mind a story I may have told already. Over in California, San Pedro actually, if there were train tracks bisecting the harbor this particular marina would have been on the other side of the tracks. A live-aboard there had three newly decaled seals about 3" tall right on the bow of his 26' sailboat. Seems he was dozing at the helm on a recent warm day and ran head on into the 8' bell buoy, scaring himself as well as numerous sleeping seals.

His friend took him out to dinner and a few drinks and lots of laughs, one friend left the party early, snuck back and applied the decals. Good fun. Later that year he went on down to Costa Rica, I received a postcard from him when he stopped in Cabo. Nice guy.

Today sailing was not at all like yesterday, very light winds, so I anchored a half mile off the beach and went over. Testing my ability to get back aboard. Since you're reading this, I did, went over a second time as well. I used the leeboard lines as stirrups. Worked just fine. Also as I was in the water with that view I saw needed work around the rudder, but that is another story.

Come on down, the waters fine, the wind generally is blowing and parking is free.

I Shared This

I shared this story this morning at the office, verbally, not this written version. Years back, while living in the mountains, I had a trip planned with a Westerly 22. I trailered it down to Marina Del Rey. Was planning on launching it that Friday night, excepting I got there so late, I decided to spend the night in it there in the parking lot.

Mid January on the California coast can get cold to us who aren't used to the northern climes. The sleeping bag just didn't do the trick. I'd turn the propane heater on for a few minutes, then off again, not trusting it, only to awake a short while later, freezing.

My brother showed up, along with yet another fellow I knew, Bill. This older gentleman had an old Islander on a trailer in the mast up yard. He never sailed it all the years I knew him. Kept it, he said, so he could have year round access to bring his motorhome in and enjoy the area as he wished. With a boat in the mast up yard the cost was a third of what daily fees would had been. He had been doing that for going on ten years.

Well, the three of us walked on over to McDonalds, Bill bought. He cursed like a drunken sailor, around everybody, I found out after he had passed away, his family included. After McDonalds, Bill went back to his motorhome to take a nap, he was 80, going on 90.

My brother asked if I was going to put in. As it was now nearing noon I said, "No, probably not, in my mind I'm already half-way home." It's like that at times. My brother understood exactly what, where and how I felt. We had an understanding, we still do. Some days we start off on adventures and they turn into adventures of a different sort. The things we learn from sailing even when we aren't sailing.

Yesterday While...

Yesterday while leaving the docks with a bad attitude of showing these people just what can be done on a small sailboat, I hoisted the main in a different manner, figuring I could get it up in the room I had. I'd been working on the little girl earlier in the week, my reworked Lehman 12' so, lo and behold, with sail up the mainsheet is laying on the aft deck. Gulp! No control!

This little fire drill commenced with a little blood drawn. I had to grab the boom, as I then only had a few feet until I was to meet the other dock on the downwind side, not good. Holding the boom and steering with my knees and standing on the lee side of the boat, it was a bit dicey.

With not much wind the thrown together idea worked, more reaction than what one could call a idea. Out into the harbor, away from the hard things, I was able to get it right. In the process I managed to jam the heel of my left foot into a Beckson port that was placed dead center in my aft seat. I don't remember why it was ever put there in the first place.

With the screw-in lid off of the Beckson, my heel fit nicely. I could tell blood was let. The Piper had showed up again. With a scrape and a gouge and the mix of a bit of water, there was more blood apparent than there actually was. The sponge cleaned it up

just fine, the Crocs washed off in the water and this morning I am none the worse for wear. Well, I guess I showed 'em, those back at the dock. I doubt if they were even watching. Somedays you just have to pay a little.

Got Back

Just got back, was planning on a two to ten day trip. Made three. I consider it a success even though it was hot, sweaty and uncomfortable sleeping, the sailing was good and the to do list grew as much as it can on a 12 footer.

Took my 12, the *Red Top* as she's now referred to. We spent the first night local over near Traylor Island. Nice place, I've spent the night there a few times. The shallow water lets me anchor in a couple of feet and the shallows extend out a few hundred yards which keeps the waves down and, being right on the edge of the bay, the winds keep all the bugs back on land.

I'm slowly learning where to drop the hook, only got bit once at the second night in Port O'Conner. The winds were fairly light, about 15mph from the S/E. I was glad of that, the evening before it was gusting to 22mph or so and I wasn't in the mood for stronger winds crossing of San Antone Bay. Getting lazy, I guess.

I had it all to myself, which reminds me of a time a couple of summers ago. There was a jet skier coming out in the afternoons trying to jump wakes. We'd wave at each other. One time he motors up and says, "We've got it all to ourselves." With a big grin.

Well, this time I had it all to myself, no jet skiers even, very few fishermen about as well. Eleven hours it took, getting to Port O'Conner, long day. My thought at first was to sail through town and anchor near the jetty on the north end. It had gotten dark getting there and while sailing to the spot in mind I collected a few waves from friendly folk.

Sailing back, hoping to find a spot to anchor nearby, I see and hear a fellow calling out, coming down the stairs of his water-side home. Ends up I had just read about what this fellow had been building and doing on the yahoo group of Duckworks. Small world. He's building one of Matt Leyden's designs stretched using foam from Home Depot, painter's drop cloth and Tite Bond glue. We talked for a spell and he let me tie up to his dock.

Amazing! That section of the Intra Coastal Waterway the next morning was like a Los Angeles freeway. I thought I was back home again. It was time for coffee and more friendly people, picture takings, stories swapped, free coffee and more friendly people.

While waiting for my Linda to come with the trailer I decided to sail south to the town edge, amongst the houses I spotted a wading fisherman so I tacked to avoid scaring his prey. Back at the dock, he shows up, introduces himself as the wading fisherman. Nice place, and I had it all to myself.



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First Eastern Intercollegiate Outboard Regatta

25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

ONE of the most outstanding features of spring activity in the college was the organization and sponsoring of the first Eastern Intercollegiate Outboard Regatta, which was run by the Outing Club, an organization which is no longer active, at Skaneateles Lake, May 16 and 17. Fourteen colleges in the East sent twenty-seven racers to the course, racing for the first collegiate outboard records.

Illustrative of the event success, three world records were established during the week-end, one of which was made by a Colgate driver, William Crawford, who also won the Chris-craft trophy for individual point-scoring honors. The Colgate team consisted besides Crawford, of Carl and Paul Arlt and Howard Clapp. These four men won for the university the J. H. Reuter trophy for team honors. The Colgate Relay Team also won the Samuel A. Kane trophy, a beautiful thirty-three inch gold cup.

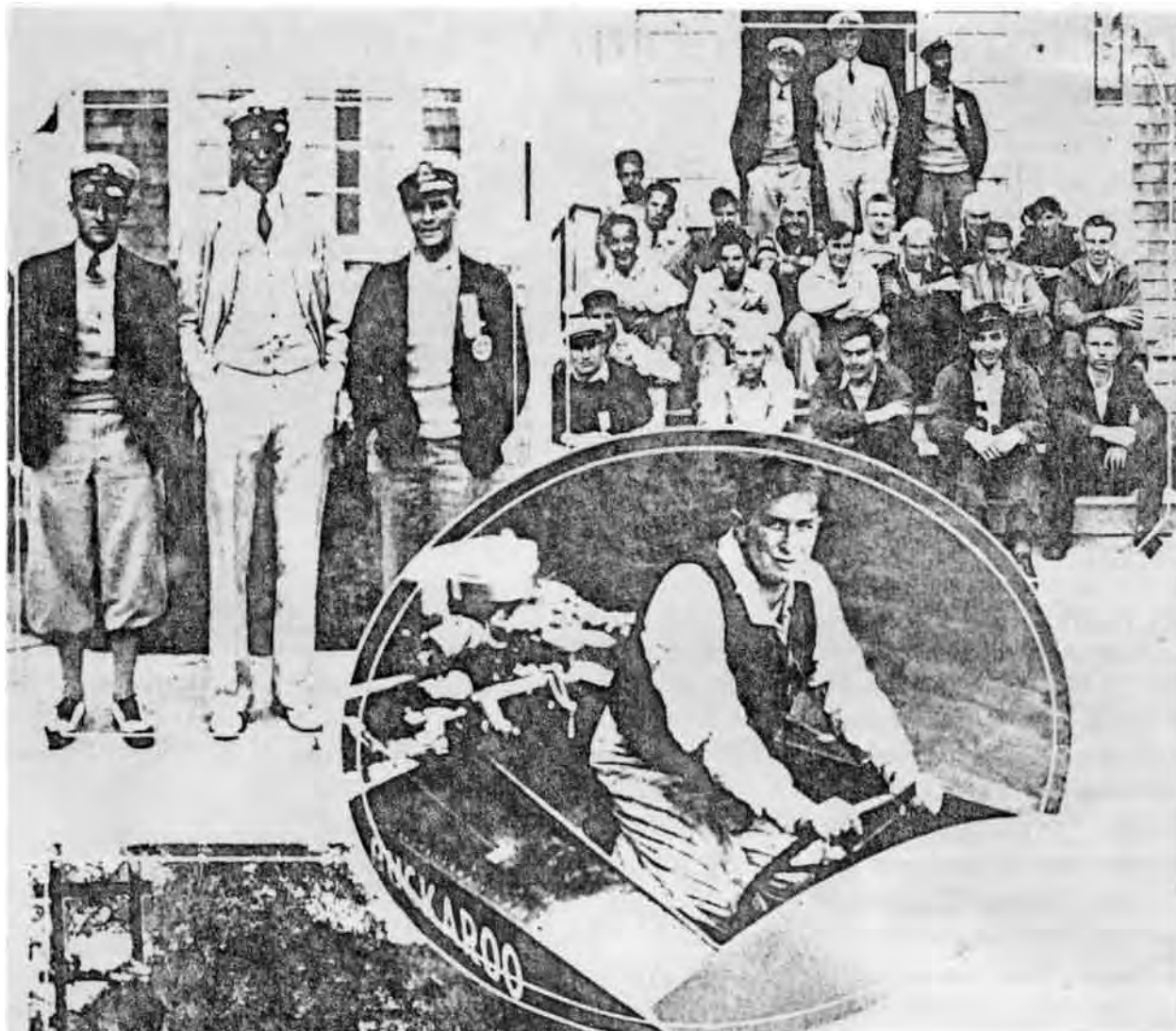
Plans for the event, which was the first of its kind in collegiate circles, were the outcome of a desire of the Outing Club Council to expand its work into spring sports. A committee consisting of E. Prince Danforth, chairman, G. Reynolds Rowe, Regatta Manager, and the president of the 1930 club, L. B. Reuter, worked on the project from early winter until the time of the races. Most of the work of the organization, publicity and policy was in the hands of Rowe. Publicity was scattered throughout the country, especially in the eastern states where most interest was prevalent. The result was a regatta with entries from Cornell, New York University, Colgate, Syracuse, Brown, Toledo, Princeton, St. Johns, Dartmouth, St. Lawrence, Hobart, Rutgers and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Over twenty thousand spectators from all parts of the central New York State area crowded into the town of Skaneateles for the week-end and were thrilled with the excitement caused by these little boats, their seemingly impossible speed, and occasional spills throwing the daring drivers into the chilly waters of the lake. Three boats caught on fire and quick rescues were necessary. Not only were there spectators in the town, but newspaper men from as far away as New York and Philadelphia were present to witness and publicize the first collegiate regatta.

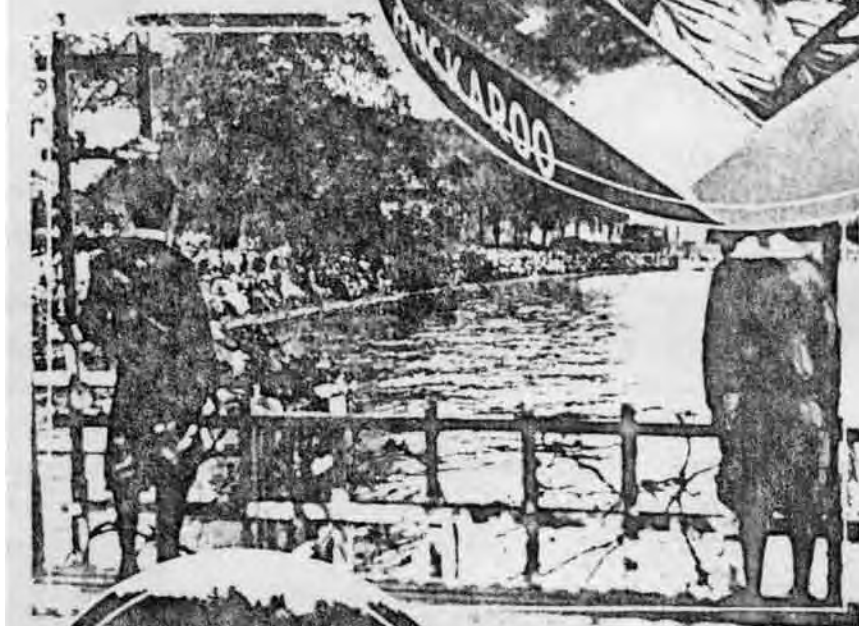
William Crawford, the outstanding Colgate driver, was the star of the meet, taking first or second place in each event in which he entered his speedy crafts. With Carl and Paul Arlt who raced home-made boats with no little success, and Howard Clapp who entered but one race which proved to be disastrous to his motor, and Crawford, the Colgate representatives easily won the honors of the week-end. Syracuse was second with a team of three men including Stewart Nunneley, who set two world's records and lost out in individual scoring honors to Crawford when he was unable to enter one race because of motor troubles. Dartmouth was third and Brown fourth.

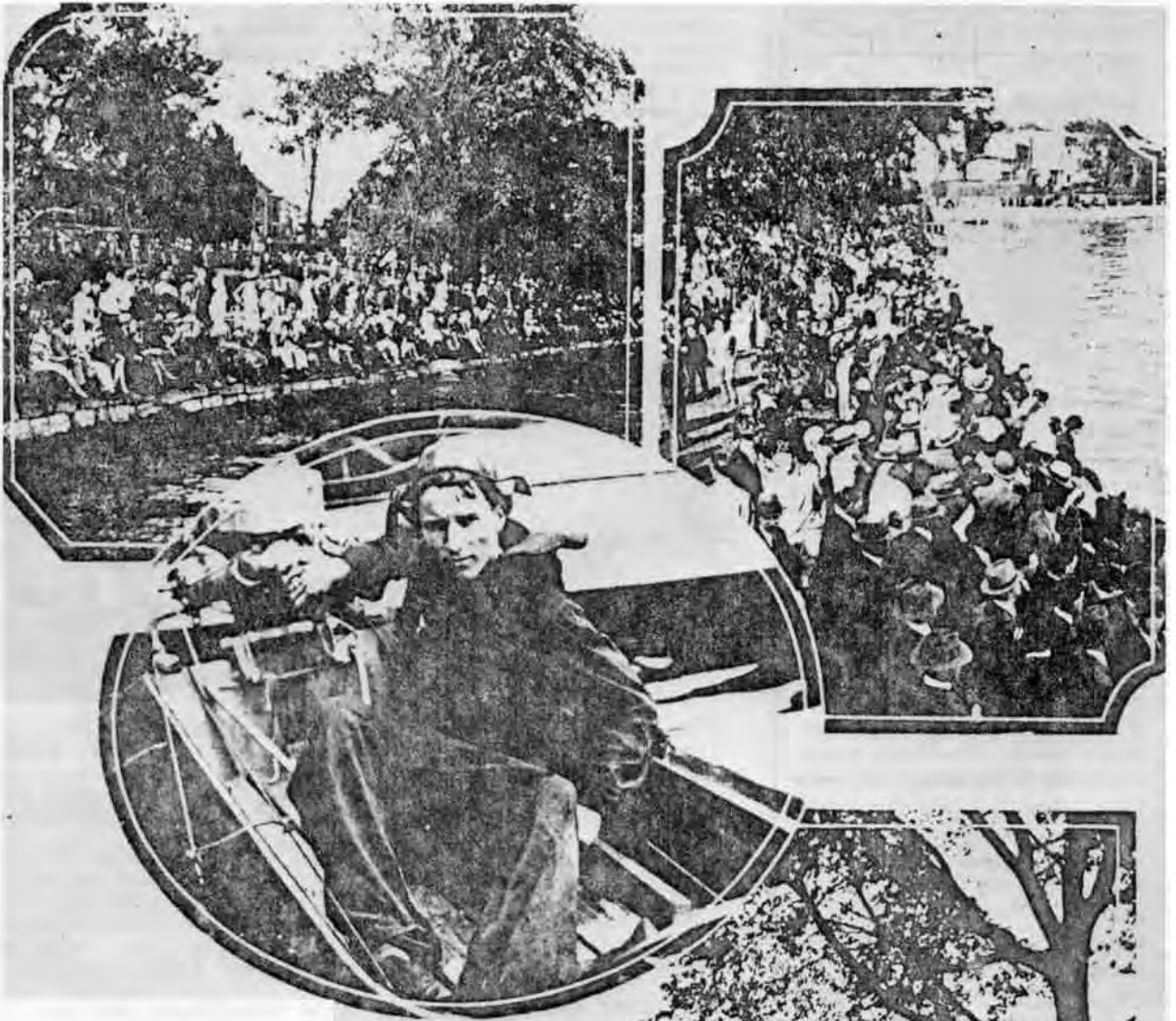
Trophies valued at about \$4,000, and numbering thirty-four, were distributed to the drivers. The outstanding of these included eight College Humor trophies for first places, eight Johnson Motor awards for second places and as many plaques for third places. L. B. Reuter, president of the Outing Club last year, and his father, J. H. Reuter, presented trophies bearing their names, as did the Syracuse Post-Standard and the Syracuse Journal. The Samuel A. Kane trophy for the relay race is one of the largest cups awarded in the outboard racing trophies and is valued at about \$750. The regatta was sanctioned by the American Power Boat Association and National Outboard Association, permitting the establishment of world's records should they be made.

Plans for the 1931 regatta are rather indefinite as the date of going to press is previous to the announcement of final plans. However, the dates have been set for June 19 and 20 to avoid conflict with university regulations concerning classes and cuts, which last year made it impossible for many interested men to enter from other institutions.



Danforth, Reuter, Rowe,
 Colgate Regatta committee . . .
 Contestants from 15 different
 Universities . . . Crowd waiting
 for the jumping exhibition . . .
 Stewart Nunally, Syracuse,
 second to Crawford, Colgate . . .
 Tuning up for Class D finals
 . . . Crawford receiving his gas
 free, (for advertising purposes
 only.)





Spectators to left - - Spectators to right - - Bill Crawford, Colgate '33, first place and high-point scorer - - Three up, one down - - Opening it up in home stretch, Class C preliminaries - - Unidentified contestant from Middle-west University.



After many years of wishing, saving and talking about someday sailing on a schooner on the coast of Maine, the lovely and talented Naomi and I got our wish. It was an adventure, of sorts.

First the Research

We looked online for the available options of Maine schooners, their dates of departure and locations. We also looked at the deck plans, cabin arrangements, proximity to showers and heads. After deciding on a date (pre season discount two days after the Memorial weekend), we decided on Camden, Maine, and the schooner *Mercantile*.

Further research told us that a three day trip comprised boarding the boat on day one at the dock anytime after 5pm. We would bring on our belongings and have time to get something to eat, walk around town and spend the night onboard and have breakfast in the morning. We'd then depart for two days and nights at anchorages to be determined by wind and weather. It was suggested that we be in the area the day before departure and call in at 9am to notify them that we were there. This was due to the possibility of the departure location being in an anchorage other than Camden or due to wind and weather conditions.

We decided on *Mercantile* because of its maritime history, being Maine built on Deer Island and sailed primarily along the Maine coast. The deck and cabin layout that the picture showed was another consideration (more on that later). The description and type of the food that would be prepared for the trip was a consideration for Naomi's discriminating taste also.

The Arrival

We arrived the day before as suggested and found a motel near Freeport, Maine. This was chosen so that Naomi could return to LL Bean's Closeout building, location of several "great finds and bargains" from trips in the past. It was also chosen so that on the way to Camden we would have part of the day to stop at the Maritime Museum in Bath. We thought we had until 5pm and plenty of time. Well, we were wrong.

What Happened

Sometime between the time we left Lancaster, New York, and arrived in Freeport, Maine, an email was sent to Naomi. When I called in at 9am I was asked if I had gotten the email. I said I didn't know if Naomi had or not. She had not. The laptop was in the trunk. It turns out that the email in question was to inform us that if we could get to Camden by around 11am, we could get an extra day of sailing. We quickly packed up all our things from the motel and headed to Camden on the slowest highway in America, Maine's US Route 1. It was now after 9am and we were told it should be about an hour's drive. It was almost two slow, aggravating hours.

We arrived in Camden a little after 11:30am, waited for an hour for a crewmember to arrive, then parked our car for the three days, loaded our gear into another car and then were driven to Rockport! We arrived at the Rockport town landing and unloaded our gear but did not see our schooner. There was one out at the mouth of the harbor about a mile away. That was our boat as it turned out.

After a brief wait, a yawl boat motored up to take us to the schooner *Mercantile*. It was a slow, cold, damp ride. The mix of

Sailing on the Schooner *Mercantile* An Adventure?

By Greg Grundtisch

opposing tide and wind raised a chop on the harbor that allowed us to enjoy a salty spray and a splash every few seconds on our seemingly endless ride to the schooner. The anchored *Mercantile*, profiled against the backdrop of islands and storm clouds with a cold mist and drizzle in the air made for a real downeast Maine "feel." It felt cold.

Once onboard we were met by the captain and some of the crew as well as some guests who had already been onboard for a six day trip. The Captain gave a brief talk about safety, how to operate the pumps on the head (more on that later) and some basic rules of the ship. We were then given our cabin assignments. Our cabin was right next to the head. How convenient, we thought. We opened our cabin door to find a double bunk and a minimum amount of floor space in which to stand. Only one person at a time could stand and change clothing due to lack of floor space. We also found that there was no reading lights nor running water in the cabin.

There was no water in the conveniently located head either. It did have a hand sanitizer dispenser. How convenient! There were a plastic bowl and a cup for each of us in the cabin, along with two sheets, blankets and pillows. Any water needed was cold from a pump on deck way up forward. There was hot water on the wood stove for us. While the others were learning their cabin locations and listening to their reactions, Naomi and I stopped and looked at each other, had a brief moment of quiet reflection and then we broke into uncontrollable laughter. What had we gotten ourselves into?

We stored our gear under the bunk and went up on deck. There we learned we would be waiting until about 5pm for another passenger. It was at this point my hopefulness began to wane. I thought of how we had rushed to get here and missed the Maritime Museum in Bath, not to mention breakfast and lunch. We were directed to the galley area where the other guests from the ongoing trip were seated playing some weird card game called Farkel. Don't ask!

We met the cook and got a brief intro to times for meals and such and learned that the ONLY hot water was from a container on the top of the wood stove. We were free to take some any time. We could pour some into that plastic bowl we were given (for washing) and climb the ladder to the deck and walk back to the ladder down to our cabin trying to get as much hot water to our cabin as possible without spilling it as the boat moved beneath us. It took focus. The water was very hot. You get the idea.

Also located in the galley was a head with the only shower on board. The shower was an odd shape and to call it small would be an understatement. It had foot pumps on the floor to feed the water to the shower head. The hot water for this came from the woodstove that the shower backed up to. We could get very cold and very hot water, hopefully mixed by careful pumping of the foot pumps, and no water at all if we stopped hopping up and down on them. We could also converse

with the cook and guests as we showered if we wished, the walls were that thin. They in turn could hear our squeals and screams of excitement when that very hot water (or cold) made contact with the delicacies. Made that plastic bowl look like a better choice.

As we waited for the last passenger to arrive we were given plenty to eat but not much to do. The weather was not very comfortable to stay on deck and take in the scenery. The sea had become very choppy and the air breezy with on and off rain and drizzle and then fog, of course.

When the final guest arrived things were made ready to sail. We were pleasantly surprised because we thought the fog would be keeping us at anchor. But nowadays they have GPS and all sorts of non traditional technology so we sailed for an hour or so and found an anchorage for the night. Now what do we do for the evening? We can yak it up for a while with the guests or play cards, that Farkel thing, whatever it is.

The brochure said there was a boat in which the guests could row ashore to explore or go into town if one was nearby. Not so on *Mercantile*. The boat that was available (a 12' dory skiff) was used by the crew to row ashore or to another boat to visit. This would be the norm for the trip. No getting off the boat for the guests, maybe from fear they would not return. That thought crossed my mind.

That first night was difficult for us getting used to the cabin, the low overhead over the bunk and no heat in the boat save for that wood stove way up forward in the galley. The cabins were at or below the waterline and the water temperature was around 45° and the air not much warmer. It was a cold night and we soon learned that was not the worst part.

We learned that having the head close by (half the wall of our cabin was the wall of the head) located the door from our cabin next to the door to the head only a foot away. This turned out not to be a convenience. The cabin walls were wooden boards about 1/2" thick. We were head to head (1/2" separation) with what sounded like a grizzly bear snoring on the other side very loud and clear. All the intervening doors had clips to keep them closed and not swinging freely. These made loud snapping and banging sounds when opening and closing.

What happened was that around 10pm or so the evening ended or, just began depending on your point of view. After all eight guests in our section had finally completed their calls of nature for the night, it became quiet, save for the sound of waves slapping on the hull of the ship or the sound of a crewmember on night anchor watch on deck. Then sometime around 1am someone would again need to answer the call of nature. Their cabin door snapped open and then snapped closed, then the door of the head snapped open, then closed. With nature satisfied it is all repeated in reverse. (This is not necessarily the worst of it either, you get the idea.)

All this noisy activity seemed to inspire others to make the trip once again. This went on until those guests (and sometimes crew when their head was occupied) took a good 30 minutes for the parade to end. Too soon again it was 5am and apparent wakeup time. Sleep for us was not an option.

The Sailing

The sailing aspect of our cruise was a bit unusual due to wind and weather as there was fog, rain and a potential wind and rain



The schooner *Angelique* heads for our hidey hole ahead of the impending storm looming in the sky behind her. When the storm failed to arrive, one of our crew took our skiff to visit her. We were stuck onboard.



storm one day. We did about as much sailing as we did motor sailing with the yawl boat pushing us along. The second day was the best for wind and weather. The day was sunny and warm with 15-20 knot wind. Then came a weather warning around 1pm from Lewiston that predicted 70mph winds, rain and hail. That weather was heading east right toward the coast where we were sailing. It was moving at 30mph+ and due to reach us around 5pm.

So the captain decided to find a safe cove to anchor for the remainder of the day. It was a nice location. We thought we would be able to row the ship's skiff to shore to look around the island or go to the town that was at the top of the hill in the cove. No luck, the skiff

was taken by one of the crew to visit the other schooner that was anchored on the other side of the cove waiting out the impending storm too. But the storm never arrived, it stayed a perfect sailing day, partially lost.

Later in the evening there was a brief rainstorm that lasted about five minutes. Then the mosquitoes arrived and helped keep us awake for a large portion of the night. It was only after covering our heads with the pillowcases that we got to sleep. That is until the parade to the head began again.

The final day was the lobster bake on the shore of an island. This involved a little sailing and a lot of hurried motorsailing to find a location for the cookout. We spent an hour or

so in the yawl boat trying to find a location where it and the skiff could reach the shore without too many rocks getting in the way and a place where a fire could be built. The lobster bake went well and after it was over we did a little sailing and found an anchorage for the final night before heading back to Camden harbor the next morning.

We said our goodbyes to all and Naomi and I headed west to Vermont and New York to visit several maritime museums on the way home. We had wished we could have stayed in Maine another day or so to visit the museums there. There are several, one in Bath, one in Searsport and one in Friendship, but time was not available.



On deck, it was cold and often wet.



The lobster bake.



Final Thoughts

The schooners *Mercantile* and *Grace Bailey* are two of several other working fishing or cargo schooners that have been converted to carry passengers. There are other schooners that were built specifically for the passenger trade. They have a few more amenities, like running water or flush toilets, and reading lights in the cabins. Many have heads and showers on deck, a better location for sure. The accommodations are a little different in each ship and some seem to be more accommodating than others. It's a matter of choosing between a real working vessel of the past or something a bit more modern.

We have been asked would we do it again. We might if we wouldn't have felt trapped on board and had the ability to sail or row around in the anchorages like some schooners provide for or be able to explore the islands or towns nearby in the evening. We did not bring along anything to drink except water. We thought that if we needed anything else we would get it at one of the towns that we were told we could visit. Drinking is allowed in moderation on board, and I would have been doing plenty of moderate drinking had I known how this little adventure was to unfold.

At one point I considered putting some clothes in a plastic bag and swimming to shore but the water was paralyzing at around 45°. At \$400 a night for two, at a pre season discount price for some uncomfortable sailing, we would likely not do it again. If there ever is a next time it likely will be a few days at a motel and a \$50 dollar three hour schooner day sail. Believe it or not, there was fun to be had but we paid a high price for little reward. It may have been a different story if it were midsummer, but at a higher cost, likely more mosquitoes and a hot wood stove running all day and night on a 75° day with no A/C on board!

Lastly, the captain and crew and the office personnel, and the passengers, were all very kind, friendly and helpful and very attentive to any request or questions. I may be looking at this from the wrong philosophical perspective, such as is the sinking ship half full or half empty of water? We had this vision of sailing along the Maine coast for hours, taking in the beautiful vistas and exploring some towns and anchorages in the evenings, then having some hearty down east meals and taking turns at the wheel. Then quietly resting for the night in a cozy bunk with the gentle sound of the waves on the side of the boat and the sound of the rigging above. All calm and relaxing. Just like the old days?

A passing schooner that went by the island of our clam bake.

Oh yes, there's that rugged coastal scenery.





Lake Champlain Maritime Museum uses the active discovery and care of Lake Champlain's maritime heritage and environment as a launching pad to inspire life long learning through hands on, mind on experiences. The Museum's four acre campus at Basin Harbor in Vergennes, Vermont, is open from May through mid October. Educational programs for schools and community groups are offered all year. LCMM has been a leader in the management of historic shipwrecks and underwater cultural resources and innovative maritime education for more than 30 years.

Step aboard replica 1776 gunboat *Philadelphia II* docked at our scenic Lake Champlain waterfront. Explore some of the lake's 300+ historic shipwrecks in our Nautical Archaeology Center and chat with nautical archaeologists at our Conservation Laboratory. Learn what made this area so pivotal to Benedict Arnold's fleet during the American Revolution in our Key to Liberty exhibit. Discover the lives of the Native Americans and the early French explorers in the Contact of Cultures exhibit. LCMM's replica 1862 schooner *Lois McClure* travels to ports throughout the region. Highlights of LCMM's collection of canoes, kayaks and wooden boats are on display in the new Hazelett Watercraft Center. Learn about some of the 26 steamboats of Lake Champlain, the historic Champlain Bridge and see our collection of more than 50 vintage outboard motors from the late Raymond R. Unsworth in our Steam to Gasoline exhibit.



Lake Champlain Maritime Museum

By Greg Grundtisch

After our three day sail in Maine on the schooner *Mercantile*, the lovely and talented Naomi and I began our return trip home to western New York by way of the mountains. The mountains, surprisingly, hold several Maritime Museums. The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum (LCMM.org) was our first stop. It is outside the town of Vergennes, Vermont, about 20 miles south of Burlington on Lake Champlain's eastern shore.

This museum carries on researching Lake Champlain's underwater history that has produced some of their on the water vessels. The two most notable are the *Lois McClure*, a canal schooner, and the *Philadelphia II*, a Revolutionary War gunboat.

After checking in at the visitors' entrance and gift shop, Naomi and I visited all the buildings on the main courtyard of the grounds and then followed a walkway down to the water where a long dock has some of the museums boats tied up.



Philadelphia II and *Lois McClure* dockside.



On deck of *Lois McClure*.



Philadelphia II under winter cover.

The museum grounds have many buildings that hold collections of boats, motors and artifacts that were used and built in the area. Some of the collection is quite extensive with dozens and dozens of outboards hanging on many walls and boats stacked on the walls as well in several large barns. There is a lot to take in.



More than 50 outboards line these walls.



Canoes and rowboats line these walls.



Original project boat, a bateau reproduction.



Miniature submarine built by locals

The first boat we stopped at was the *Philadelphia II* (the original was raised in the mid '30's, see the website for more on this), a replica Revolutionary War gunboat from Benedict Arnold's fleet. There, Erick Tichonuk was explaining some of the boat's features and history to some people who were just ending their museum tour when we joined.

An artist's rendition of preparing to sink *Philadelphia II* for winter back in the days.





Scale model of *Philadelphia II*.

We looked over at the *Lois McClure* and found that she was closed to visitors as she was having some maintenance done for an upcoming summer long tour of Erie Canal towns. She would travel from Lake Champlain to Buffalo, New York, by way of the Erie Canal, then return back east making more stops along the way. Naomi and I were at the dock looking over the deck rigging when Erick said we were welcome to board the boat and he gave us an impromptu tour and history of the schooner and its building and rigging. Erick Tichonuk is a co director of the museum and also the captain of the *Lois McClure*.

Canal schooners were boats that hauled cargo under sail from Lake Champlain through the Hudson River to the Erie Canal and westward. They would cross the state, stopping off to load or pick up freight, or go on to the terminus in Buffalo. They could sail further west on Lake Erie by setting up the sailing rig, or return east carrying freight back to Lake Champlain, the Hudson Valley or the big city. The canal schooner design and history is a somewhat recent discovery by underwater marine archeologists. The *McClure* is a replica of vessels found lying on the bottom of Lake Champlain. The *McClure* is towed by a tug named *C.L. Churchill*, as she has no onboard power other than sail.

The *Lois McClure* is 88' in length, has a 14.5' beam, can carry 60-90 tons and 4,400 cubic feet of cargo. The *Philadelphia II* is 53' in length, 15' beam and 23' draft fully loaded and displaces 29 tons loaded. She carries one 12 pounder, two 9 pounders and eight swivel guns. For more details on these and the other boats in the fleet, check the website.

Lois McClure under sail on a summer day.



There were other exhibits, shops and demonstrations and some videos of some past archeological research the museum has conducted to be seen. It is a place of active maritime research and history as well as preserving artifacts of the past. There are many programs for children, "kids at risk" boat building and restoration or sailing for members on one of the museum's whale boats or long boats.

Check the website for this museum (LCMM.com) and you will find many photos, articles, artifacts and updates of the ongoing events and exhibits as well as information of the history that has been discovered by some extensive underwater archeological research. The marine research for both the maritime history and boat building, and ecology, is extensive and very well done. This is still ongoing so do check the website for ongoing research projects and discoveries.

The museum encourages anyone interested to volunteer and help with boat main-

tenance, work in their new foundry, build or restore a boat or work on property or maintenance. It's a fun way to spend a day by yourself or as a family. You will help out the museum and learn about some early American history along with it. You can also become a member for a modest fee and there are some benefits to that as well as helping the museum.

The location and scenery is nothing short of stunningly picturesque. There are mountains and water and boats. You cannot not have a good time here. You will also find the staff very friendly, knowledgeable and helpful. There is a lot of early American history as well as Revolutionary War history in this area, both maritime and on land. Think Fort Ticonderoga, Fort Henry, *The Last of the Mohicans* and the many battles both on land and lake that took place here due to its close proximity to Canada to the north (a British colony in the Revolutionary War era).

Shipwrecks of Lake Champlain

From the LCMM Website

Lake Champlain has been a water highway for hundreds of years, with thousands of vessels plying her waters. Many have sunk due to a variety of factors, including warfare and weather and neglect. Lake Champlain's cold, dark, fresh waters are the ideal preservative environment, giving Lake Champlain an extraordinary collection of intact shipwrecks. Lake Champlain Maritime Museum has been studying the more than 300 historic shipwrecks on the bottom of Lake Champlain for more than 30 years.

Shipwreck Tours!

See a shipwreck without getting wet! The museum offers this exciting on water program, Shipwrecks! An excursion boat takes participants out on the lake to the site of a historic shipwreck. There, the operator deploys a Remotely Operated Vehicle (ROV) like those used by nautical archaeologists. Participants view the wreck from the ROV as it explores the details of the site, instantly relaying images to an onboard monitor.

The Maritime Research Institute

The Maritime Research Institute (MRI) is the research arm of the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum. Formed in 2000, MRI is a reflection of LCMM's role in regional, national and even international archaeological research and policymaking as it relates to underwater cultural heritage. It permits our talented team of archaeologists, conservators and historians to conduct high quality research and allows us to better connect the public with the priceless cultural resources that lie underwater.

The Maritime Research Institute is involved in four primary areas of underwater cultural resource study and management. These include archaeological projects on Lake Champlain and beyond, conservation of artifacts recovered in our Conservation Lab, assisting in the management of shipwrecks on Lake Champlain, including those in the Underwater Historic Preserve System and providing archaeological services to other organizations.

The Maritime Research Institute in Action

Assisting research on the Spiny Soft-shell Turtle in Mississquoi Bay, Vermont.

Getting 3D imagery of the Sloop Island Canal Boat from side scanning sonar, Charlotte, Vermont.

Assisting with the Asian Clam Eradication, Lake George, New York.

Performing archaeology at the Onondaga Lake Superfund Site, Syracuse, New York.

Documenting shipwrecks in the South Lake, Lake Champlain.

Hosting an Underwater Archaeology Field School, Lake Champlain.

Aiding in the management of the Lake Champlain Underwater Historic Preserves.

Overseeing archaeological work at the Hudson River PCBs Superfund Site, Fort Edward, New York.

Conserving artifacts in the Conservation Lab, Vergennes, Vermont.

Nautical Archaeology Field School on Lake Champlain

A field school experience is a critical component for any student pursuing a career path in nautical archeology. The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum is hosting a rigorous program that offers a mix of both academic instruction and hands on underwater archaeological research. The diving sessions will teach practical underwater skills using both traditional documentation techniques and cutting edge technology, while the classroom component will provide students with an opportunity to train in GIS, study CRM practices and learn about local history and artifact conservation methods.

During the 2017 field school, students will have helped to uncover the identity of an 89' wooden vessel sunk in Basin Harbor. Very little is known about this historic wooden vessel, the circumstances of its sinking, or even a general time period of construction. Much of the bottom of the hull remains intact and artifacts found to date include glass bottles, iron spikes and iron fasteners.

Among other things, a Durham boat is a boat built at the Buffalo Maritime Center by over 40 volunteers led by Chris Andrie, the project foreman. This boat was built for the "Flight of Five" locks in Lockport, New York. The five locks are the original early 19th century locks that are being restored as part of the Erie Canal's Bicentennial. Two locks have been completed and a third is currently being finished. The other two are waiting funding for completion. This is the 200th anniversary for the beginning of the Erie Canal's construction, the Canal officially opened in October, 1825.

A Durham boat is a basic flat bottom double ender used to carry freight. It can be rowed or poled and some had a square sail or two set on a mast for sailing, primarily downwind. The design was used on the inland waterways of North America. It was originally used for hauling freight in Durham, Pennsylvania, at an ironworks on the Delaware River, thus the Durham name.

There are no historic plans or lines drawings of these boats, just some written descriptions and some sketches. They were likely built without plans, commonly built by "rack of eye," as it is said on the Chesapeake. They may have had various design distinctions from different builders in differ-

What's a Durham Canal Boat?

By Greg Grundtisch



ent areas, but their basic shape and look are relatively the same.

This particular canal boat, built at the Buffalo Maritime Center, is 51' on deck and

has a beam of 7'. It weighs about 9,000lbs. *The Erie Traveler*, as she was named, was built using common PT dimensional lumber and fastened with galvanized boat nails and sealed using the traditional preservative of linseed oil, pine tar and gum turpentine. She has a green hue from the PT wood with a semi transparent tan like coating of the preservative, but will eventually turn black as the linseed oil oxidizes.

Depending on size, Durham boats can carry 12-20 tons of freight and have a draft of about 24" loaded. They were used from the mid 1700s to around the early 1830s. Canal packet boats eventually replaced them. I am told that there are now plans for the Buffalo Maritime Center to build a packet boat starting sometime this year.

If you search Durham Boat Buffalo News or Durham Boat on your computer you will find much more detail on the building of this boat at the Maritime Center and more on what is known of these boats historically. Or, stop in at the locks in Lockport, New York, and see this boat for yourself as the lovely and talented Naomi and I did. Stop in at the Buffalo Maritime Center as well. There is always plenty of boat building and interesting things to see there, too.

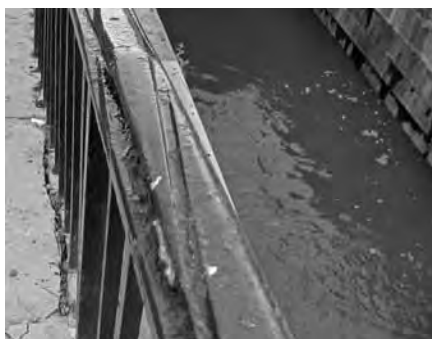


Interior of a restored lock chamber.



Restored original iron fittings.

Rope Marks in Iron Railings
Locktenders guided thousands of boats through the locks every year. They controlled the boat's position partly by dragging the rope over the railings. In time this resulted in deep grooves along the top of the railings.



Tour boats then...



...and now.



Modern lock today.



Durham boat resting in restored lock.



Original 1835 era "Flight of Five" locks.



Workmen on site of 1905-1918 barge canal enlargement.



Steam power at work on 1905-1918 enlargement.



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Selections from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA Chapter Picnic

Photographs by Mary and Frank Stauss

What a great day for a picnic! Plenty of sunshine, wind and friendship. Take a look at the photos and see if you don't agree.



Four Cats on the Barnegat Bay

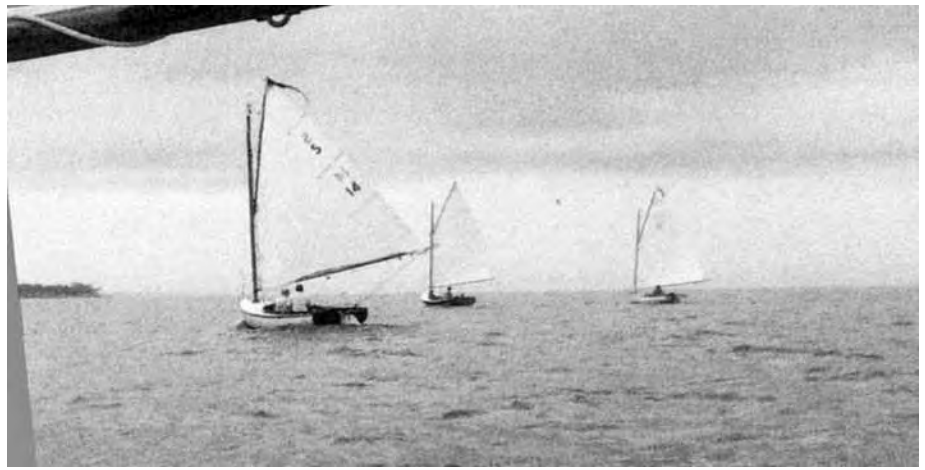
By Pete Peters

Garrison Keeler, host of "A Prairie Home Companion," once explained the five important components of a good short story as these: Theology, Suspense, Family, Sex and High Finance. He went on to tell the shortest story that met these criteria. "Oh God," the banker's young daughter cried, "I am pregnant!" (ten words).

Well, the Barnegat Float on July 5th (always the Wednesday after the 4th of July) met none of these criteria. It was indeed a classic, however. Four Catboats sailed from Ocean Gate Yacht Basin to Island Beach State Park. The breeze was fresh and after one long tack we stopped for a gam and Wawa hoagies and beer.

The wind continued to be east/north-east and we sailed together to Tice's Shoal on another long reach and tacked to anchor among the revelers in their power boats. Here we walked across to the ocean side, swam for 30 minutes. There was no one in the ticket booth to collect our \$3 so we all felt lucky. I could see Dave Soltez saw this as an opportunity to use his Delaware Bridge Commission toll booth skills as an impersonator, but he refrained.

The wind turned slightly to the east and the sea breeze of 12 knots pushed (or pulled) the flotilla back up the bay on another long



beam reach. Dinner on the Waterfront restaurant and then home. There were no candidates for the plunger award and the day was a classic.

Marsh Cats participating: *Jasmine*, Cap'n Bill Covert, *Yellow Jacket*, Cap'n George Loos, *Obadiah*, Cap'n Pete and Handy Cat *Red Molly*, Cap'n Skalka.

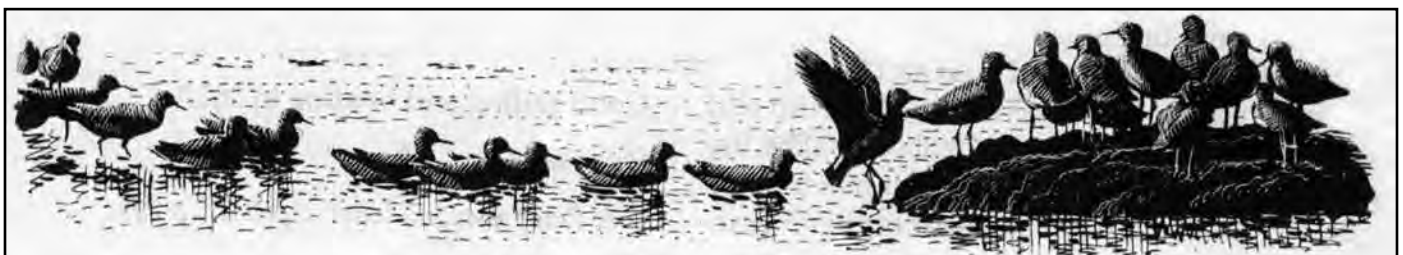
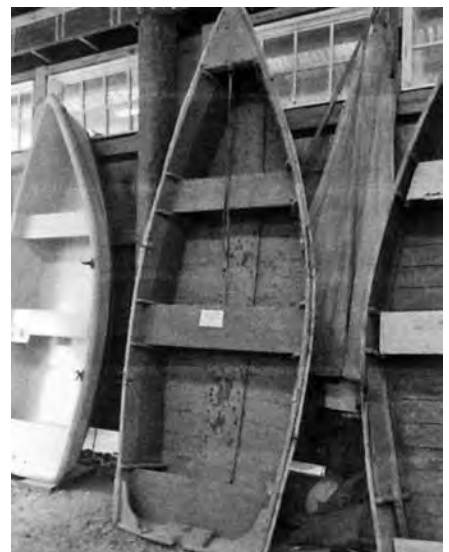
I recently visited the Cape Cod Maritime Museum in Hyannis on Cape Cod. It's small but contains some interesting artifacts. There's a reconstruction of Pete Culler's shop with many of his hand and power tools on display as well as some plans and drawings. The nearby Crosby yard is also featured. There are a few small local craft,

Cape Cod Maritime Museum

By Carol Jones

including a Cape Cod Frosty and several skiffs not restored, a few are for sale. There's a permanent exhibit of scrimshaw. There are cases of whaler's and fishermen's memora-

bilia like tools, articles of clothing and hardware. Everything is well labeled. The day I was there there was also an exhibition by a marine artist whose paintings included many local scenes and watercraft. The museum doesn't justify a dedicated trip to Massachusetts, but if you're in the neighborhood it's worth a look.



Gray Fleets

HMS Queen Elizabeth is England's resurgence into a sea power harkening back to the days of yore when English ships ruled the seas and assumed they were not only invincible but represented the very essence of moral supremacy. No less a person than Winston Spencer Churchill fought gamely against the Washington Naval Conference of 1921 because he believed that England was the center of virtue in the world, the British Navy was the biggest and strongest among sea powers and, therefore, there was no need for any other nation to even possess a navy.

Since WWII Great Britain has played second fiddle in the realm of ships. The new *HMS Queen Elizabeth* puts them back into play. A 70,600 ton aircraft jump carrier, the ship is 920' long with a beam of 240' pushed through the oceans at 25 plus knots by two Rolls Royce Marine 36 MW MT30 gas turbine alternators and 4-10 MW diesel engines. Unlike the American carriers of old that carried huge crews, the English will operate a modern technological state of the art vessel with about 600 tars. She will carry a carrier air wing comprised of 35-50 F-35B Lightning II, Chinook, Apache AH64, Merlin HM2 and HC4 and Wildcat helicopters and other VTOL planes that use a "ski jump" deck. With her high tech engineering, *HMSQE* will be able to launch planes six times faster than any previous British carrier.

Huntington-Ingalls' newest product, *Ralph Johnson* (DDG-114), is in the middle of her sea trials. This Arleigh Burke class destroyer possesses the most recent edition of Aegis Combat Systems that allow the ship to operate advanced radar directed combat schemes and allow it to utilize systems from other ships' radar.

Signal lamps, those large flashing spotlights that are shown in every navy war movie, have become a thing of the past. Like much of modern naval life, things change. America no longer has Boiler Tender, Water Tender or Communications Technician ratings. Worse, there are few slots for crew with strong backs and weak minds. In the day, deck crew needed paint scrapers and swab jockeys, however, today's maritime technology have required virtually all ratings to have keen minds and technological skills.

No more dots and dashes by the Signalman. Signal lamps have been around for 200 years. Laser beams that can't be seen like the old lamps deliver the message itself in fractions of a second, then the computer catches and pops the message onto a screen instantly, that's today's ship to ship communications. Furthermore, the computer can translate languages automatically for communications with foreign ships. As Lucky Jack Aubrey said, "what a marvelous world we live in."

The Navy continues its investigation of the collision between the *USS Fitzgerald* (DDG-62) and the *ACX Crystal* and results slowly will be shown. Ironically, *Proceedings of the U.S. Naval Institute* had already accepted an article by Capt Matt Meilstrup and LCDR Grant Thomas (both US Coast Guard) about the need to provide training of the fundamentals of seamanship and navigation into crewmen rather than rely solely on electronic navigation systems that have led to highly visible maritime mishaps. The authors maintained that over reliance on electronic devices may easily cost situational awareness. They noted several incidents of groundings, collisions and other problems



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

when officers simply paid more attention to the computer screen rather than sticking their heads out the doors to see what was happening. Citing one incident, the *USS Guardian* (MCM-5) smacked a reef in the Philippines because the officers failed to manually ensure that the navigational equipment data matched their physical charts. It didn't. Crunch. A couple of careers in the dumpster.

On the 90th Anniversary of the People's Liberation Army, China opened its first overseas military base in Djibouti. While dismissing the opening as non military with no intention of expanding their influence in the region, China announced the base would house over 10,000 people and provide berthing for its largest warships. The amphibious assault ship *CNS Jinggang Shan* and the sub-platform *CNS Donghai dao* will call it home.

Djibouti, smaller than the city of Chicago, also is home to the US Camp Lemonnier, a Japanese Self Defense Force barracks, a French Foreign Legion station and a new Saudi Arabian headquarters.

The *USS Truman* (CVN-75) is moving out of the dry dock where it has undergone routine maintenance and it is currently on a test run. Just like in political history, President Eisenhower followed Truman. The *USS Eisenhower* (CVN-69) is heading in for overdue maintenance and repair. It is hard to believe it but the *Ike* is 40 years old.

Merchant Fleets

AP Moller-Maersk shipping company was seriously hacked by computer criminals demanding a significant amount of money in exchange for the ability to continue operations. Large companies ranging from shippers to Fed Ex have been hammered by computer geeks forcing major shut downs or slow operations. Because many industries use "just in time" manufacturing, logistic failures create major disruptions down the complex business chain.

One example is the South Florida Container Terminal that was forced to stop all unloading and noted that no dry cargo or containers could be received. The Port of Mumbai also was forced into a shutdown mode due to IT failures.

Golden Eye or Petya viruses have been among the primary infectors of everything from computer programs to GPS. These two have been problematic in dozens of countries, particularly in the US and Asia. North Korea jammed GPS systems against South Korean fishing fleets, forcing most of them to return home. New cyber security companies are coming onto the scene as the need for help arises exponentially while cyber insurance companies are also emerging in large numbers.

Overpopulation typically is not a topic of concern for sailors but the world is rapidly entering a fishing war with political, military, economic, scientific and even religious consequences. In 2014, 4.6 million fishing boats

plied the waters off Asia (75%) and Africa (15%) catching 80 million metric tons of wild fish (plus 73 million tons of farmed fish). The US has the largest Exclusive Economic Zones (EEZ) pertaining to fishing rights. We are the third largest exporter of edible and non edible fish products in the world. This is a \$250 billion industry that provides employment for 1.3 million people.

The world's population has doubled since 1950 but the consumption of fish has risen by a factor of 7. This has put significant strain on foreign affairs among nations, especially the US and China with the latter placing a 200 mile EEZ on fishing but loves to creep as close as possible to US shores. Canada and Russia are at loggerheads over fishing and navigation in the Northwest Passage. One of American's largest fishing areas is in the Bering Sea between Russia and Alaska. Our Coast Guard is constantly dealing with Russian Border Guard uncooperative assistance over the 1.4 million ton Pollock fishery in the region. Nations have gone to war over less.

Tunisian officials blocked *C Star's* entry into their territorial waters because her passengers were a group of anti immigrant "racists" who have been noted as a band of thugs. These fine folks have previously been banned from Italy, Cyprus and Suez. Gee whiz, where can a gaggle of neo Nazis go these days?

Australia barred entry of the *MV Rena* for a variety of reasons. The ship's ownership is in arrears to the tune of some \$53,000 and this is not the first time they have failed to provide adequate salaries to their crews. Furthermore, our Down Under cousins cited the vessel for not having a working generator, inadequate number of lifeboats, poor management and a history of chronic violations. The 715', 81,700-dwt ship was detained in the Port of Tacoma in 2015. Trojan Marine of Greece owns it. This is not the same named ship that ran aground off New Zealand.

After the economically disastrous collapse of South Korea's Hanjin Shipping Company, the nation's remaining 14 merchant marine corporations created the Korean Shipping Partnership (KSP) to assist each other in providing less competition among themselves and greater competition with Japan. The KSP is intended to keep numerous ships from sailing the same routes while other lucrative routes are under supplied. The partnership also developed a mutually owned terminal operation. KSP will commence business in January 2018.

The merchant ship *Marcosul Santos* collided with a tug pushing several barges in the Amazon River west of Para. The tug is missing nine of her 11 crew members and divers are in search and recovery mode. The *Marcosul Santos* itself was undamaged.

Condition of the Waters

Iowa's Cedar River runs across the eastern portion of the state merging with the Shell Rock River and the Iowa River and through several of its biggest cities including Cedar Rapids, Waterloo and Muscatine. After Des Moines' unsuccessful attempt to force upriver counties to mitigate pollution, the counties along the Cedar River have reached an agreement to work cooperatively to minimize farm runoff. Urban vs rural Iowa has long been a major political and economic rivalry, but this mutual recognition of the need for clean water is a first, and it sets a model for other river towns and farms.

LSU scientists announced that the Dead Zone in the Gulf of Mexico is now the largest ever recorded because of the high level of Mississippi River discharge into the Gulf. What had been about 6,500 square miles of water inadequate for aquatic wildlife and plants has increased to 8,800 square miles. The primary cause is the high level of phosphates and nitrates from farm chemical runoff.

A quick look at the agriculture in states along the river proffers a clear picture of the problem. Corn production in the Midwest is at record peaks, almost double in the last 30 years. Furthermore, farmers have moved away from crop rotation because hybrid corn can be continuously grown in the same fields because of fertilizers, insecticides, herbicides and fungicides. While the soil quality itself has declined rapidly, it does not hinder increased yields. Corn and soybeans are multi billion dollar exports and the Federal Government substantially subsidizes crop farmers. The economic impact of agriculture played against the environmental impact is a potent feud in the hallowed halls of Congress. Cargill, Con-Agra and ADM-Archer Daniels Midland are the biggest ag-chem companies in the Midwest and they are also the largest contributors to the politicians.

The University of Michigan, keeping a keen eye on the pollution issue, noted that after 30 years of labor at a cost of over \$30 billion, pollution control in the Gulf is a ghastly failure. NOAA also reported on sea quality issues and noted that fully 80% of the pollution impacting US coastal waters is due to farm runoff. Over 100,000 sea mammals die annually due to water conditions.

White Fleet

Coming out of the closet has become a moneymaking concept for cruise liners. Three companies, Cunard, Princess and P & O Cruises (all owned by Carnival) are now making bookings for same sex marriages. The Supreme Court ruled that any ship that caters to weddings may now also provide the service for same sex couples and the White Fleet saw money in the bank. Weddings at sea are priced between \$1,200 to \$4,000, depending on which line is booked.

Crystal Cruises is now marketing shorter cruises because they feel many people just want a few days at sea. They are not actually altering routes but rather selling the vacations between sites. For example, the usual voyage between England and the Caribbean remains the same but it is broken into separate sections. One can sail on the Liverpool to London segment, or the London to Bordeaux, or Bordeaux to Lisbon, etc. Advertised as "get away vacations" the company is trying to increase the passenger numbers. Many call this a "taster" trip to see if they like sea travel.

Critics, however, pan the concept because it means a constant change of passengers but continuous population of the same passengers is a hallmark of cruising, it increases costs because of increased cleaning and changing cabins and totally alters the "feel" of a voyage.

Costa neo Classica will make her final voyage to India and the Maldives in March after plying the waters of the Caribbean for 26 years. The 1,300 passenger liner's fate is unknown but it will either be sold to another country (a typical deal) or sent to the ship breakers to be made into razor blades and paperclips. *Costa neo Riviera* will be moved

from the warm water of the Caribbean to take over the European route while the company brings out four new ships in the next couple of years. The 1,900 passenger *Costa Victoria* is being moved to the European market because of the decline in the Caribbean.

Small Fleet

Duckworks magazine had a fine article on the Torqeedo electric motor that comes in three varieties with either long or short shaft and a built in rechargeable lithium ion battery AND a GPS all for the small price of about \$1,700 for the medium model. For small craft aficionados the Torqeedo is about as good as it gets. It is lightweight, is easily portable, heavy duty and is a friendlier than an old gas eating, transom pulling standard motor.

On the other hand, the ubiquitous Minn-Kota electric trolling motor can be purchased at Walmart for about \$150. It does not have a built in battery so you also have to purchase a nice 12 volt heavy duty battery that is bulky, costs about \$100 (if you are lucky) and needs a darn good recharger. Still, it is easier and a whole lot less expensive than a Mercury 5hp.

The question that no one seems to answer without electrical engineering graduate level explanations replete with weird symbols and mathematical formulas is what is the difference between horsepower and thrust. Motors come in horsepower. You know, "my little Potter 15 has a great 5hp Mariner and it can handle anything." And we have all seen the obnoxious idiot who jets around on a boat with quad 250s on a small river in the middle of nowhere showing off his testosterone. Torqeedo and Minn-Kota don't come in horsepower, they come in thrust. How does a Minn-Kota 55lb thrust compare with a 4hp Merc? The internet seems to provide a paucity of comprehensible information on the subject. Personally, I have had to use my 5hp at full power in very strong wind and current on the Mississippi. Would a Torqeedo have provided sufficient power?

Mrs Doc, from the Land of the Midnight Sun, is quite addicted to the House Hunter channel and she especially likes the Tiny House editions. These home built micro homes seem like small Winnebagos without the frills. Would it not be easier simply to buy a trailer? Nevertheless, a recent show featured a newlywed couple building a Tiny House but they had no land on which to place it, so they craftily designed a hull and built a tiny house so they could tie up wherever they liked.

It was a brilliant and unique concept previously unimagined by humans or extra-terrestrials. Just think, you could actually live in a house that floats. Run a TV special people, this is really mind blowing. Or perhaps you are elderly, stuck in some god forsaken nursing home and have nothing to do but read old books about boats. Gee, weren't these called Shanty Boats back in the day? Can't you buy a houseboat that is the same thing? Why does Mrs Doc fail to grasp my inability to get lights exploding in my brain over such a concept?

Inland Waterways

The Port of Corpus Christi is America's fifth largest port and recently completed a 20 year, 1.4 mile deepwater extension. The port now handles 550 thousand barrels of oil per day when it handled virtually none a few years ago. This modernization has already brought additional businesses to the area including Voestallpine, a steelmaking com-

pany in Austria. They use super heated ore that eliminates all the oxygen and turns the ore into a briquette that burns cleaner and is easier to use. The company will send half of its product back to Austria and sell the remaining inventory to US companies.

Metal Shark, a boat building company, opened a new facility in Franklin, Louisiana, where endurance class pilot boats and harbor craft will be manufactured. Their boats will range from 45' to 75'. What is eye catching is that their vessels will be chemical, biological, nuclear and high energy explosive protective. Again, what an amazing world we live in.

The Army Corps of Engineers is struggling with high water related closures of portions of the Mississippi in Minnesota. Pool #4 between Wabasha, Minnesota, and Alma, Wisconsin, has seen dredging operations all summer but will be navigable soon. Pool #6 near Winona, Minnesota, is closed and will be dredged to a 200' width. Seventeen towboats and 132 laden barges are stranded either above or within the shallow areas. The Corps is working closely with the Coast Guard and shippers who are being impacted by the closures.

While the US big ship building industry cries about lack of production, smaller companies like Sneed Shipbuilding is working overtime building smaller commercial boats such as towboats for Paraguay, Brazil and Argentina. One particular struggle Sneed faced was equipping the tows for 220-volt machinery and equipment.

Interestingly, Guaran, a South American ship builder, wants to build exact replicas of the Sneed *GF Tuytuti*. Guran is an element of CIE, a conglomerate of companies that also build barges and turbines for dams. Sneed allowed teams to watch every second of the boat's construction and to keep prolific notes so they can make similar vessels.

GF Tuytuto is 114' long and 34' wide with a draft of 12' and is powered by two Caterpillar 3512 main engines mediated by Twin Disc MGX reduction gears supplied by Stewart Supply. The seals are from Simplan 195 and the props, built by Texas Wheel Works, are encased in 80" kort nozzles and turned by an 8" shaft. Two Nabrico 60-ton winches with pull ratings of 13,000lbs are on deck. Furuno provided the depth sounder and transducers. Castle and Finch built the 1000-watt searchlights. Coating Systems did all the painting, Dale's Welding fabricated the doors and Schuyler Maritime made the fenders. Custom Hydraulic Components built the steering systems, Timco Marine provided all safety equipment and Hudson Mechanical installed four air conditioners while Cincinnati Fan provided space blowers. In other words, building a towboat means employment for a lot of people in a lot of companies all across the United States.



Messing About in Boats, October 2017 – 35

A Clandestine Look at the Frankenwerke

Warning, some of these photos you are about to view are “graphic in nature,” for mature audiences only. These surveillance photos were confiscated from an obviously disgruntled member of the Frankenwerke workforce. Though disconcerting, at the very least his story may have some deterrence value. Perhaps. Here is a poorly framed, and improperly exposed, view of the north wing of the Frankenwerke Technical Library, obviously snapped under duress and in haste.



As a graduate of a two day seminar and field exercise in capturing and interpreting clandestine images under the military/acronymitous moniker of “PHOTINT” in the fall of 1978, I realize that some of the subtleties of this discovery may be lost on you, the casual observer, but as a long standing member of the Intelligence Community, I assure you they are present.

What I believe our disgruntled employee (DE) was attempting to depict is that amid years of randomly stacked *Messing About in Boats* magazines and other obviously outdated ephemera you can see several series of those glossy, step by step, expensive, how to books on woodworking. Perhaps you yourself, may be hoarding such antediluvian publications? Perhaps we haf waaaayzzz to discover the trooothhhh, eh? But I digress.

The trained observer will readily note that some of these tomes have actually been utilized, perhaps as recently as ten years ago. However, corroborating investigation will confirm no actual fingerprints on any pages past the introduction with notable exception of pages for tool advertising. Perhaps this is not without precedent, eh? The reason for our DE’s efforts to disclose dysfunctional institutional idiosyncrasies here at Frankenwerke, with good intentions I suspect, is likely related to a prolonged effort to produce two identical plywood ovals. I say “prolonged” as in several months. Along that tortuous path one helpful observer offered “...just get two strings and a pencil...” A bit light on pedagogy but likely a succinct remedy.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

In this particular intercepted image our DE utilized an incompletely manicured backyard patio step to illustrate scale (and likely painting imperfections.) This also constitutes evidence that such long rumored ovals actually exist. It also indicates a diversion of time and resources from Domestically Approved Projects to those of no apparent practical applications here at Frankenwerke.

Interpreting the actual intended purpose of these ovals will take considerable further research. Our DE muttered something about “...that damn nameboard for *Gypsy Wagon*...” before staring off, blankly, at an over full Projects List posted prominently on the shop wall. Yes, this will take further investigation. Please stay tuned...

So It Begins... Yet Again

I’ve been driving by this boat for the past eight years. Every time I pull out onto the highway and head to Newport there she sits, a pert bow, a cute little cabin.



Still pretty much as Bill Tritt made her back in the late ‘50s. Almost at the get go I stopped and asked her owner about her. He had plans and I do think he did. He even built a shed over her, one with a real roof and painted trim. He even had her on a trailer for a time. And then back to the shed. Hundreds and hundreds of times I passed.

Every now and then I’d stop and ask about her. I offered this and that in trade. I didn’t really ever need another boat, I’ve given bigger and nicer ones away but this one probably needed me. Just yesterday I was driving past and the little Delmar’s owner was moving away. The “For Sale” sign was down, there were trucks and trailers parked out front. Like so many of us who don’t live in the city, he had quite a few pieces of rolling stock to deal with.

The little Delmar was still in her shed, no trailer, no motor. She was going to be cut up and hauled to the dump, I think. I didn’t really get a clear answer to that question but I did say that I’d take her home if he was ready to part with the boat. “OK. You can have her, if anybody can save this boat you can.” Wow, this ain’t my first rodeo with that as the background music, but no doubt he’s right.

No doubt she’ll need more than I think but I’ve done so many transom replacements, so many floor replacements, so many complete reconstructions, this one doesn’t even begin to scare me. We’ve eyed each other from afar for so very long.



So now she sits in my garage. My utility trailer is pretty badly torn up. It was a lot harder to load than any of us realized. I’ll go out tomorrow and lift her off the trailer and square things away. We’ll start with a good scrub and a polish. I don’t even think this little girl will need paint on the hull or cabin. All the window glass is in place and unbroken. Really, she appears to be in good shape. No, the Frankenwerke certainly didn’t need another project. But I’m pretty sure this project needs us.

So It Begins... Part 2

There’s nothing like a bath to make a girl feel better. In this case I suspect it’s been about ten years since the last one, the moss was growing pretty much everywhere. The general levels of grime were pretty deep. I used a brush and toilet bowl cleaner. Not glamorous, not fun, but what a difference. And what a time capsule from 1959.



Detroit’s flirtation with fins had all but run to ground. Cars were rapidly shifting from their nascent resemblance to aircraft and fletched projectiles to squared off, kinda boxy creatures, and the neonatal fiberglass boat industry that mimicked automotive fash-

ions followed suit almost lock step. There are elements here of a '58 Ford sedan.



Maybe you see that resemblance, too? Granted, you had to be a boy or young man in the '50s to even have paid attention to such things. The average craigslist ad for a used runabout these days starts with something like "...seats eight...350 cu in V-8...speeds to 45 mph..." and so forth. This little spit kit will scare you with a 50hp outboard, she'll terrify you with a 75. And there will only be room for about one other full sized person. But what a memory machine, eh?

Nakomis Bob is already cautioning me to "stop and think before you start cutting..." He's 100% right. I'm not going to change, at least, the outward appearance from the original. Not too much anyway. I suspect the hull stringers, the sole, the transom guts will have to be re engineered. I'm pretty sure the original designers and builders of boats from this era would be absolutely flabbergasted to discover some of their progeny have lived to 60+. They really weren't built all that robustly. They shiver and shake when pounding. Gel coat cracks abound from flexing decks and hull panels. Transoms were often little more than a very thin layer of chopper gun and gel coat over built up layers of 1/2" plywood. Stringers were likely 3/4" softwood and soles 3/4" ply. So not everything from the factory stock is necessarily worthy of preserving.

But think back just a minute, remember when you were, say 13 or 15? Maybe it was your dad, or your uncle, maybe the bachelor from across the alley. Remember that day he took you for a drive in the country, that day when he let you slide over behind the wheel, that day when you got to ram your right foot "all the way into the carb," that day when you learned what happens when you float the lifters. Of course, you remember like it was yesterday!

C'mon around when I get this little refugee from a Sawzall put back together. We'll go out and scare ourselves, just a bit. We'll make like we're 15 all over again. Of course I'll let you drive!

Getting Ready to Howl

It's been half a month since Kate had a routine hip replacement that wasn't at all routine. My part of it has been to drive to and from hospitals and be in hospitals quite a bit. There's an old military saying, "Those who stand and wait, also serve." Anyhow, I got my liberty card this afternoon, one of those "almost not" times. After all, it was already noon on Sunday, a hot and calm day in the mid 90s, one of those days we northerners sort of endure and hope for cooler temps soon.

The upcoming weekend will be the second annual Howl at the Moon Cruise on Priest Lake, a good enough excuse to run up there and take a last minute looksee. The 100 mile round trip started out pretty discourag-

ing for a guy who has come to dislike crowds. Traffic on the highway was heavy, at least for here. I kept telling myself that homeward bound traffic far outnumbered the outbound folks until I got to the Quagganazi Inspection Station. Gridlock, I tell ya.



Actually, stopping for the boat inspectors is kinda fun. They always ask, "Where have you had your boat in the water in the past 30 days?" I sort of break into a marinized version of Hank Snow's classic "Winnemucca Road." You know the one where the chorus goes, "I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man, across the deserts bare, man, I've breathed the mountain air, man. Of travel I've had my share, man. I've been everywhere..." They always roll their eyes and repeat, "OK. Where are you headed? Today?"

And most times, I answer, "...ain't quite sure, maybe I'll turn left, maybe not." Towing a one of a kind boat through the inspection station as often as I do, well, they sort of remember me. And I tell you, that lineup there almost got me thinking about just giving it up and going back home. Silly, I know. A few miles farther up the road traffic was much thinner.



A few more miles and I was sort of feeling lonely. I had the highway to myself. This is a sample of the going home traffic on a sunny Sunday afternoon in Almostcanada. Not all bad, eh? But, as I was saying,

the Howl cruise is in just a few more days. I decided to head to our "traditional" launch point at Granite Creek Marina and, yes, there were actual cars in the parking lot. But Jamie the sea dog, *Miss Kathleen* and I were the only sentient beings using the ramp. And I was worried about crowds.



Sooooo, without much further ado we headed on up the lake a ways. I did a few "crowd samples" and at one point could actually sight TEN boats underway on a section of lake with about a TEN mile fetch.



Crowded, ain't it? There's a little spot that I like to go sometimes. It's mostly made up of a serpentine deep water channel cutting narrowly between Eight-Mile Island and the mainland.



A veritable Strait of Hormuz today! Jamie and I anchored in a fathom of water on a sandy bottom. We cooked lunch and took a nap. That's what we did, this sunny Sunday afternoon. We hope that's what you did, too.

The Dog Days of Summer

Despite a little thing like a forest fire just one mountain range over, a bunch of us went to Priest Lake and we had a ball! It's become a bit of a tradition to start these ventures out with a breakfast gathering at AJ's Café. The

main drag and town parking lot in Priest River gets festooned with interesting boats. We meet the curious and then shove off to adventure. What's not to love?



Let's see now, we had three power boats, five sail boats, a kayak and an inflatable and 16 people counting Jamie the sea dog.

Well, that's not everybody but you get the idea, we had a big group. We went lots of places. It was four days of sun, sand, boats, water and wood smoke. In fact, when the visibility wasn't bad it was borderline atrocious.

Another Priest Lake tradition is launching at Granite Creek Marina. Folks are friendly, crowds non existent. We park our trucks and trailers someplace out between the tree trunks. And it's just about in the middle of this 30 mile long puddle which makes planning easier. Actually, it makes not having a plan easier. One by one our fleet headed out for an initial destination to the north.



Another bit of tradition is that the first "brief stop" becomes the first overnight stop. Not quite sure how that happens. But it sure seems to. So here we are at sunrise the second day. Still tucked in to our not exactly authorized overnight moorage.



Within a half hour the normal moderate southerly morphed into a blow from the other way. Those weather genius folks at NOAA insisted that we were in for days of increasing nastiness from that quadrant so about face south to Reeder Bay for lunch and maybe a swim.

What with paddling and swimming and skipping rocks and reading and napping and more swimming and even a bit more napping, it's not like we didn't have lots of things to do. And before we knew it it was time to set up camp and lights out.



Somehow we didn't get kicked off the beach that wasn't exactly authorized for overnight camping and day two dawned hazy and hot. The big deal was to head to a distant location that would be suitable for Jim and Nikki and Gabrielle and Jill and Sydney and maybe Rod and maybe Niele to meet up with me and Mary and Michael and Bob and Jan and Jim and Jade and Phil and Chris and Jamie the sea dog. That location needed to be a nice beach with no crowds. It needed to be reachable by sailboat with either no wind or too much wind and this was all supposed to be happening by about 11 o'clock. Good thing we have a capable planning department.

Somehow, between when I called everybody and said, "This place is deserted," and when everybody got there, at least 14 kayaks, three loaded canoes, three ski boats and a couple of paddle boarders descended on "our" beach. But it all worked out. Room for Jim's high speed boat to tow a few giggling girls around in circles. Room for Jade's flamingo.



Room for picnicking and sitting and, of course, telling lies.



And even room enough for the world's largest bag of Fruit Loops and the world's most perpetually empty stomach. Lotsa room and, since it wasn't an authorized overnight camping spot, it wasn't at all crowded when we bedded down for the night. Sometimes you just have to go with the flow.



So ended day two and we were still headed the wrong way from our destination. Time to get the "plan" aligned with the weather forecast.

Day three started with light winds, lousy viz and boats headed out in several directions. As a result, *Miss Kathleen* got in her share of towing jobs with both an engineless sailboat and one that will probably be in the market for a new one.



When this bunch hears "...let's stop for lunch..." they come charging in with a variety of methods.

I do believe this shows a rather unique level of motivation, determination certainly. And speaking of determination, our day three destination was supposed to be the real gem in the jewelry box, upper Priest Lake. Still a long way to go but much of that a complete delight.

The Thorofare connects the two lakes. It's a winding, shallow, crystal clear stream of about four miles long. There are no roads, no houses, no navigation markers. Just a meandering stream with virgin forest on both sides and more snags and windfalls littering the margins than anywhere around. But well worth the challenge.



We anchored in close, told stories, gathered at a community picnic table for dinner and settled in for the night, the last night out. Always a bittersweet time, gotta head for home the next day, gotta keep the schedule. But hey, we may never pass this way again.



Some of us will grow up and move away, some of us will move on to other things. Some of us will anchor and take just one more swim. We never know just how many we're gonna get. But we, all of us, are blessed. Thanks for coming along for the ride.

Just the Two of Us

I only, ever, had two uncles. One was always off doing exciting stuff, the other one was “serious” and stuck close to home. Neither one of ‘em ever “did” anything with me. Not that I wouldn’t have loved it but it never really happened.

Sydney is my brother’s daughter’s kid. People who know about these sorts of things would say she’s my grandniece, I suspect. I call her “Sydney.” She calls me “Uncle Dan.” Good enough for us.



It took us several re-skeds and a couple of false starts but we had a pretty cool adventure, just the two of us. Actually, make that three, Jamie the sea dog came along, too. Sydney is a really bright kid, way more polished, way more erudite than I (or anybody I knew) was at her age. We can discuss just about anything. She has a pretty good grasp of stuff like nuance and stage presence and even double entendre. My kinda girl. Today’s mission was simple. We went swimming.

The notion was simplicity itself, the actual evolution was a bunch more complex. I ended up hauling a 3,000lb boat about 100 miles. Sydney’s mom had to leave work in the middle of the day and meet up with me at a tight little launch ramp at a pretty small lake. I had to pay a rather exorbitant out of state launch/vehicle fee. And we had to run the length of the lake and anchor. Know what? All very much worth the time, effort and expense. Yep.

Sydney, Jamie and I launched and headed up lake without much delay or difficulty.



It was the 15th of August, warm air, warm water, almost no people. We had the anchorage all to ourselves. Heck, we had most of the lake to ourselves.

I jumped in and took a few pictures with my little waterproof camera.

Sydney isn’t the most confident swimmer and her mom feels better about things if she wears a life jacket. No problem there. Of course, I normally have a bit of a “hidden agenda” when it comes to expanding somebody’s horizons. And it’s been over 50 years since I qualified as a lifeguard soooooo, a little safety is a good idea. But our objective today was to be jumping into the water from deck level before it was time to go home.



And that we did. But have you ever eaten your lunch while swimming in 20’ of water? Granted, an eclectic menu. There was the famous “Uncle Dan’s waterproof PBJ.” And the fruit course, in this case floating grapefruit served on the half shell followed by waterproof granola bars, an orange or two and at least one apple. A far, far cry from those boring days of yesteryear when kids had to stay out of the water for an hour after lunch. Somehow mothers were certain we would get a stomach cramp and plummet straight to the bottom if this shibboleth wasn’t strictly observed. And, of course, the problem with that logic was that we were all starving again after an hour. I think I lost more good swimming time as a kid in the service of avoiding stomach cramps than to anything else. Not today though.



We had about four hours, start to finish. Sydney was either jumping in, climbing back out or swimming after the tow rope for the entire time. Jamie and I were a bit more conservative. Stomach cramps and all, you know.

Then, suddenly, it was time to pull the hook and head for the ramp. But it was pretty cool, no adult supervision. We made up lim-ericks, as we often do, without censorship. We improved our swimming technique without formal instruction. We managed to fill the hours without digital devices or even a nano-second of boredom. Just the two of us.



OK. You’re right. The THREE of us.



The Angle of Incidence...

Equals the angle of refraction. I was actually present the day they taught high school physics and I’ve always been glad for it. I learned a number of valuable life lessons, I just didn’t know it at the time. Sound familiar? I’ll get back to some of that meta-physical mumbo in a bit. What I want to talk about first actually happened five or six years before that epiphany experienced by Einstein’s discoveries and Newton with his inverse squared idea. Probably a day about like today. Probably just about 57 years ago, almost to the day.

The first time I saw the Boy Scout Camp (Camp Cowles) guard tower from this same exact spot, I weighed a gnat’s patoot over 60 pounds. Skinny and no doubt shivering, but giving up and getting out was the absolute last thing on my mind that day. There was this thing called the “Mills Mile,” a mile and an eighth. We had to swim back and forth across Boy Scout Bay with one of our buddies alongside to row a boat just in case. But no hanging on, no quitters and, ya know what, that kid backwatering that rowboat, responsible for life and limb, was just another sixth or seventh grade boy. Hard to imagine this happening these days. But that’s the way we did it.



Today I'm 70 years old, pushing close to 200 pounds and out of shape. I could probably figure out a way to swim the old Mills Mile course if I absolutely had to. Probably would take all day but, with or without a chase boat, I can think of lots of smarter ways for me to spend an afternoon. Ferinstance:

Sailing a boat designed, and possibly even built, about the time I was churning and sputtering my way through that Mills Mile was what I, in fact, did. *Punkin' Seed* has been in the fleet for several years. She gets little attention and even less opportunity to do what boats are for. Not her fault. Finally I was out in the barn and sort of moping about. There are three boats hanging from the ceiling and two more on trailers out there. Only one of those has been wet this year. *Punkin' Seed* is still mud spattered and dirty from trailering back and forth to storage. I've had the rig up and more or less sorted out once or twice this season. But still she sat unlaunched and probably feeling unloved. I blurted out, "...OK. Tomorrow, I promise..." We all know about a promise. It's a promise.



Not long after breakfast we were down at the ramp. The wind was up, maybe 8-10 with puffs into the teens. This is a lake. This is summer. Wind pipes up. Wind drops off. Wind shifts, sometimes radically. But, doggone it, the wind was blowing and we're a blowboat. Sometimes timing is really everything.



PS has been a sloop. She started out with a wooden sparred cat rig. Now she's back to the cat rig. Different main, different sticks, lots of other changes but I'd like to think she'd still be recognizable to her builder. She's a Glen-L 13 by design, most certainly a home build. Overall, just a wholesome little boat.

After an hour or so of simply following the wind, we found ourselves in Boy Scout Bay. The wind always gets a bit confused inside that crescent. Dead spots, gusts constantly shifting to reciprocals. I didn't have an anchor, no lunch and the only thing aboard to drink had been a few slurps of lake water. Must be time for a swim!

I tied up to the perimeter floats that protect an empty waterfront. Dunno from what, nobody apparently in camp. I had about the only boat on the lake. It was the 18th of August, warm water, warm sun. Dunno where the 11 to 13-year-olds spend their time these days but I'll double dog dare you to disagree with me that any one of those kids I used to swim with and row with and sail with back a half century ago woulda clung to me like moss on a damp rock to get to do what I got to do today.

I just stripped down to my shorts and I jumped over the side. Sure, I've got a boarding ladder. Sure, I tried out the hand holds and figured out where I could put my knees and elbows. But then it was GEE-RRR-RONNNNN-AHHHH-MM0H!!! It was so satisfying I did it again and then once more.

Little *PS* just looked so jaunty, I swam around taking fish level pictures.



The breeze out on the main lake was filling in, time to get back to gettin'. Just when I was certain I was the only one out today, a sail popped out from behind the point. Now EVERYBODY knows that the definition of a sailboat race is whenever two sailboats are in sight of one another and, of course, they both don't have to know about that race business. Main strapped in, hiked a bit to wind'ard, light touch on the tiller. Tally ho!



Probably not a fair fight, I caught him after laying a course to intersect and pulled ahead. I suspect he didn't learn to sail with a brand new copy of *Royce's Sailing Illustrated*, 1960 edition, stashed under his pillow. After a while you automatically "tack in the headers, climb in the lifts..." Like riding a bicycle. Anyhow, he gave me the "Nice boat. Fiberglass or wood?" And we parted ways.

I gybed back and forth for the whole length of the lake. I beat my way back to the windward end. I did it again. But sooner or later a 70-year-old bladder either must go ashore or go swimming again.

We do get old but we don't have to grow up. That much, is scientific.



Richard and I rolled his Scamp over last week, no one got hurt, no screaming bad words, no problems. We just hung it from the rafters with a couple of ropes, lifted it up some, drug the building jig out and pushed it over. Once it was halfway over we stuck a 2"x4" into the centerboard trunk for leverage and pushed it the rest of the way. Got some sawhorses and lowered it down easy as pie. This kind of thing is easy to do if you stop and figure how it could be done if you had to do it by yourself. Brute force will usually get you hurt.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



Rolling boats is my specialty, you knew that I had to have at least one didn't you? He'll glass the bottom and roll it back over to finish the rest.

We did the same with Jimmy's melon-seed except the other way around, it was built upside down. Here it is hanging in the slings. He installed the centerboard trunk and then took off for a cool month in Rhode Island to leave me with this Florida heat. He's good at letting me know how chilly it is at night.



Sandy did the same thing, loaded up his fancy boats and headed for the cool northlands. That's an Adirondack guideboat on top and a Rangeley Lake boat on the bottom. The one in the middle level is a custom pulling boat he made for the grandkids. He does pretty good work when we leave him alone so he can get it done.



Speaking of Richard, here's a couple shots of him doing interesting things. One is showing us how to get out of a Sunfish gracefully. Nope, he didn't go in the water, damn. The other one is with a friend having a smoke and beer while hanging out in "floaty pants." I suppose we all have to get some now because swimming will never be the same.



I don't get to see this view of *Lurlyne* very often, she's usually in the water ready for immediate use (going to the bar or an afternoon wine cruise). She has the look of the classic long and narrow boats of old. She's 21' long but only 6 1/2' wide so she'll easily cut through rough water if we slow down to about 15mph. Cessna and grandson Jouji like the view from the back.



Then I decided I wanted a better floor for the bathroom so I was back at it with frames and stringers and such. This whole lower back area shown here is a dedicated bathroom with full shower and all the usual. It will be a wet area with water draining into the sump, which had to be plumbed and wired for a pump. The floor will be covered with slatted exotic wood squares.

[illegible]

It looks like Richard from Apollo Beach is about finished with his Bolger "Sneaky." I can't wait to see it. It's 26' long and about 4' wide and is all hollow inside. The 20hp Merc should push it along nicely.



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A black and white photograph of a small, narrow rowing boat (likely a scull) on a body of water. The boat is white with dark trim and has two oars visible inside. It is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page.

Messing About in Boats, October 2017 – 43

While sitting here on the cockpit seat of the O'Day Mariner brushing my teeth and thinking about getting the work table for *Dancing Chicken* incorporated into my new living situation, it occurred to me that when I mention the latter, those who are familiar with what precipitated my last move may wonder if some comparable direness has transpired this time. Nope. Actually, what happened was this.

One night recently it was so muggy that even I, with my affinity for warm, humid weather (to the point where I have joked with myself saying, "Maybe I'm actually a mushroom"), began to think, "Hmmm. I wonder if it might be cooler on the boat?" "The boat" is the O'Day Mariner to whose cockpit seat I just referred, 19' long and resting on the ground up near the top of the trail about 100' or so from the Airstream. So I trudged up there, slept there until about midnight, at which time it got chilly, so then I trudged back down and slept in the Airstream the rest of the night. That sort of worked OK so for the next couple of nights or so I did that.

And as I did that, I started remembering. Back in 2014 I had been planning to live aboard this boat. In fact, I had begun to construct a geodesic cockpit cover utilizing $\frac{3}{8}$ " rebar. It was a method I'd used before and one of the ones I'd built had lasted through several winters. I was in the process of figuring out the best ways to make sure it would be ready for snow. I think maybe it was still October, but in any case, I figured that it was early enough so that it wasn't totally absurd to think that I still had time for extra reinforcements, etc. Just in case. I thought about putting in a "snow pole," an upright supporting the apex, but I'd never needed one in my other rebar dome so I figured it could wait.

So I left the Mariner with what I'd done up until then and went down to sleep in the Terry Camper. That night that snow event happened, one the effects of which were like what you'd expect from an ice storm, it bent down some of the younger birches and squashed everything it could squash including my cockpit cover.

I didn't get back to the O'Day right away because I was busy trying to get some of the birches unstuck. What happens sometimes (like then) is that they get bent down and it's like it would be if a person bent down and their hair got caught in something. The tree tops get stuck in the snow and they can't stand back up again. When this "hair" ends up right in the middle of the trail, or close to it, it can make things difficult. While I was working on this the snow, in very quick succession, melted and then froze, leaving the cockpit full of ice which left everything sort of, "Well, I guess that's that for now."

The big tarps I'd put over the cockpit contained the ice (and then in the spring the water) so it was pretty easy to pump it out in the spring with a manual bilge pump and the tarp had also kept the water out of the cabin.

So then I replaced the geodesic cockpit cover with something more like a boom tent with uprights in the cockpit (since there was no rig on the boat and therefore no mast or boom) and that has stayed up since then. I've pattered aboard a bit off and on but haven't tried to resume the experiment until this night. Then at some point I remember thinking to myself, "This back and forth thing is kind of working and it's kind of fun in a way, so why not just go ahead and move aboard the boat?" So I did.

Dancing Chicken

A Mini Saga in (?) Parts Part IX

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I've had people say that if they picked a boat to live aboard, it wouldn't be an O'Day Mariner. OK, maybe me too if I'd thought about it over time and then made a choice based on data I had, etc. Meanwhile, however, my brother got this one through one of those "Free to good home" deals and he called me one day and said, "Would you like an O'Day Mariner?" So, as the old saying goes, "Thereby hangs a tale."

In the process of figuring out the work table, I decided that my best option would be to design a sectional table to go along with my sectional dinghy since the space available in the cockpit of an O'Day Mariner is even less than that in an Airstream camper. So the next two pictures are of the table with just section one, which extends about out to the end of the centerboard case, and of the table at full length, which is about 4'. That semi upright over on the starboard, looking like it's maybe part of a window, is the beginning of a system of arches intended to keep the cockpit skin from sagging inward from the weight of the expected snow. The plan is for there to be lots more of them and more reinforced than they are now. Meanwhile, here's a shot I took with the flash this morning to show how they connect to the boom.



Oops and aha! While working on these I suddenly saw an improvement on the design. Honest. This time it really is an improvement. I know I keep changng designs and then

going back and saying, "Oops. No, let's go back to the original," or words to that effect. But the new one is stronger by itself and also more easily reinforced. In fact, I think I must have experienced one of those divine cerebral interventions. I was on the verge of getting really discouraged because, yes, the other design was aesthetically pleasing, and it did look like it might work, but I wasn't sure it would be strong enough and the only way to test it would be to wait until it snowed and then see what happened. Also, while it could be reinforced, it was more complicated to do that than it is with the new design and therefore the new one looks like it's more likely that I could get it done before it snows. And this year the weather is interesting. I think it might snow earlier than usual.



As I sat there mulling over these factors and trying to figure out how to knock the bugs out of the design, suddenly there it was, in my mind's eye, a fully colored, fully detailed visual of the new design. I built a quick "prototype" of what is planned to be the top quarter or so of one arch and brought it with me to the Hutchinson Center and here it is propped up on the desk next to the computer.

Then another interesting thing happened. After church, during the potluck, I showed it to one of the guys with whom I've been chatting about the boat project and he looked at it and saidm "You've got your design, eh?" and I realized that I hadn't mentioned the arch yet so he was thinking about the design for *Dancing Chicken*. I looked at the arch section and thought, "Well y'know, maybe. Wow." I filled him in about the arch project but, of course, at the same time I was also thinking that it wouldn't take much modification for something like this to be part of the frame for *Dancing Chicken*.

So that might be the answer to the question with which I was twiggling there at the end of Part VIII about which of the various building methods, materials, etc, I would ultimately select?

Hmmmm. Are *Dancing Chicken* and the O'Day Mariner beginning (so to speak) to carry on something sort of like a symbiotic relationship in which each will help the other become what they're supposed to be? We shall see.



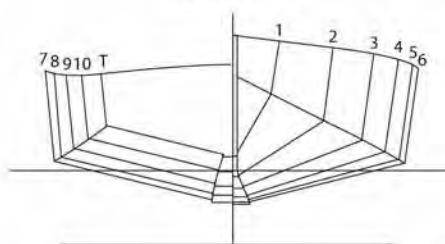
Small Craft Illustration #1 by Irwin Schuster

Florida One-Design Class

as shown in Rudder, December 1919;
Cricket Type, Sprit-Boom, Club-Clew,
Centerboard, Deadrise, Cat-Rigged
16-Foot OAL
Knockabout
Designed for the St. Petersburg Yacht Club
by George S. "Gidge" Gandy, Jr.



Gidge Gandy in 1932



My Perfect Boat, by Doug Heslop

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

CAN WE HAVE A PERFECT BOAT? We have been taught that we can't have everything, that's why sewage farms don't have farm shops.

We all have our own ideas of the perfect cruising boat. I decided to make a list of the qualities that I would like to have in my ideal boat, then design it and make a scale model, to get it out of my system.

My List, and some of the solutions:

1. A proper cabin with sitting headroom. Apologies to purists, but I am getting a bit long in the stoop
2. A large cockpit, minimum length six feet.
3. Lots of lockers. I don't like sailing in what sometimes looks like a car boot sale.
4. A proper galley with elbow room, no more frying Spam in a cluttered cockpit full of wet ropes and watched over by nosey gulls
5. Two full length berths with plenty of width. I am through with sliding into a cramped sleeping area like a tramp in a skip.
6. The boat must be self-righting with about 200lbs of lead fixed to the hog with stainless steel bolts.
7. The foredeck to be as big as a dining table. Recessed, to stop odds and ends falling off, and it should be self-draining.
8. Comfortable access from cockpit to foredeck. My days of springing cat-like from tiller to foredeck stopped when I could no longer eat toast and fasten my shoe laces at the same time.
9. A cockpit locker within easy reach, to hold a flask, sandwiches, pilot book, glasses, etc.
10. The luxury of a water-tight locker on the foredeck giving access to ground tackle, a change from fumbling with galvanised odds and ends in a cluttered boat.
11. A place to mount the outboard motor inside the cockpit, where it can be worked on in comfort and not mounted on the transom where it can snag on the jetty and annoy people (mostly me) and so that I am not hanging over the stern, looking at my angry reflection in the bobbing water, struggling with the pantograph device before I drift into the shallows. All the while balanced on painful knees. The motor would be the type with a hub exhaust.
12. Large lockers for neatly storing clothes, dinner jacket, dancing pumps, club tie, collars, all the usual clobber, and a place to put wet weather gear. There is nothing more depressing than upending a kitbag and rummaging through the contents because you can't remember where you put your bedsocks and nightcap.
13. Clear cabin floor not cluttered with the centreboard case. With room to stretch my legs. The centreboard case to be offset, built into the front of the Starboard bunk and shaped to allow the centreboard

to fit neatly into the boat when raised.

14. An easily raised and lowered centreboard that would not require the pulling power of an Olympic athlete capable of lifting twice his own weight. I decided that a plywood board with about twenty pounds of lead cast in place, reinforced with carbon fibre, held down with a heavy gauge shock chord, raised with a single line and clam cleat would work. It is no fun heaving on a block and tackle with both hands whilst being advised by a passing launch that you are about to run onto an unmarked sandbank.

15. The ability to quickly drop most of the sail area and still make headway – so it has to be a Gunter main.

16. It would be nice to easily weathercock the boat, so I chose a yawl rig.

17. Lots of fixed buoyancy. Well out of the way in places that won't affect accommodation.

18. A permanent means of access from the water back on board and, while the boat is on its trailer, a way of clambering into the cockpit, in the form of 'old geezer' stout wooden rungs bolted to the boat's sides and transom. The side rungs would also serve as jetty clouters.

19. Self-draining cockpit. The novelty of paddling about in a wet cockpit in my socks in the middle of the night has worn off.

20. Interior shelves to take charts, books, radio, first aid, etc.

21. Chart table, to take at least a half folded chart.

22. Easily towed by a family car.

23. Stowage under the cockpit for a small inflatable.

24. Stowage under the cockpit for a bucket and chuck it type toilet.

25. Easily constructed. Probably with epoxy glued joints, sheathed in woven fibreglass.

26. Recycled sails. The sails shown are Mirror sails – jib straight off a Mirror. Mizzen, a cut-down Mirror Mainsail. The Mainsail is a Mirror Main with an additional metre of cloth at the foot.

All this in a hull length of fourteen feet. Yes, you might say, 'IN YOUR DREAMS.'

I made lots of little sketches of boats that I thought would fit the bill, but after lots of attempts I was getting nowhere. The problem was that the typical boat has a pointed end (technical term) and therefore has little volume where it is most needed to accommodate the storage that I wanted.

I then took a radical view; I drew all the features I was looking for into a rough boat shape. I finished up with a sort of mad vessel that could have come from the pen of Baron Frankenstein! I dropped the monster into the waste basket.

I have always been a fan of the Mirror dinghy, having raced and cruised in three of them. For a small boat it can carry a hefty load without upsetting its performance. It is fast. When sailed off the wind it can plane and turn on a sixpence. So I thought why not a big Mirror?

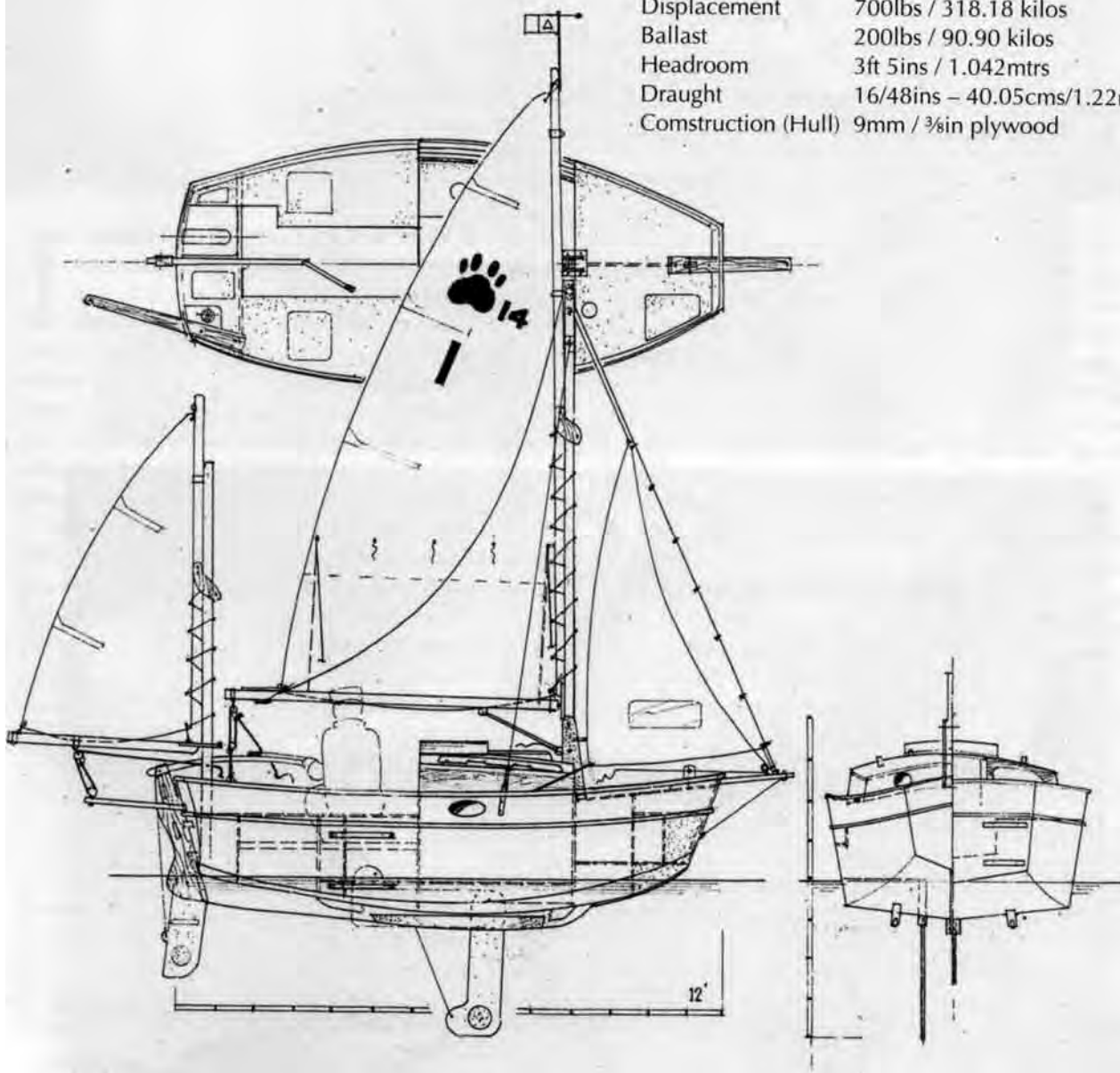
More sketches this time with a lot more success. I produced a drawing that I modified several times until I arrived at the final design, from which I made a model, using mostly .8 mm birch plywood. I used a lot of masking tape to keep the panels of plywood together while applying super glue. A word about super glue, if you ever get it on your fingers be careful what you touch, or you will either become part of

whatever you are building or you will for a time have the dexterity of a shore crab. The model boat I constructed can be seen in the photographs (*next page*). All of my wish list was incorporated into the model. Although not a classic design, it has I think, a certain charm. I chose the name BOBBY 14 after Bobby the bulldog that once was the companion of my son. Bobby was not a sleek hound, but was amazingly tough, friendly, protective and loyal.

I shall be taking the model to the NW winter meeting, where, if they wish, members can give me their considered opinions or gently explain why I should take up some other hobby. DH

Bobby 14

Hull Length	14feet / 4.27mtrs
LWL	12feet / 3.66mtrs
Beam	6ft 6ins / 1.98mtrs
Displacement	700lbs / 318.18 kilos
Ballast	200lbs / 90.90 kilos
Headroom	3ft 5ins / 1.042mtrs
Draught	16/48ins – 40.05cms/1.22mtrs
Construction (Hull)	9mm / 3/8in plywood



Oystercatcher

The pioneer of the fleet, derived from traditional New England shell fishing skiffs. Various choices of rig, including schooner!

Dimensions: 4.7mx1.5m (15'3"x5'0")

Hull weight: 90kg (200lbs)

Sail area: 6.5sm (70sf)

Like her working ancestors, Oystercatcher has a stiff and stable flat bottomed hull with a jaunty sheerline and boldly raked transom. She has the qualities which made a successful working boat combined with the benefits of modern lightweight construction and easy maintenance.

Her lines give her good performance under sail or oars and, if necessary, a small outboard motor can be mounted on the transom. The well rockered bottom allows her to carry a heavy load and still tack quickly and cleanly. The pivoting centreplate is actually offset to port, giving maximum unobstructed interior space and simplifying construction, the endplate rudder enables her to sail in a few inches of water.

Hull construction is from two sheets of $\frac{3}{8}$ " (9mm) and three sheets of $\frac{1}{4}$ " (6mm) ply with solid timber for framing, gunwales, etc.

"...we scooted along ...a pleasant surprise." *Classic Boat*, March 1998.=

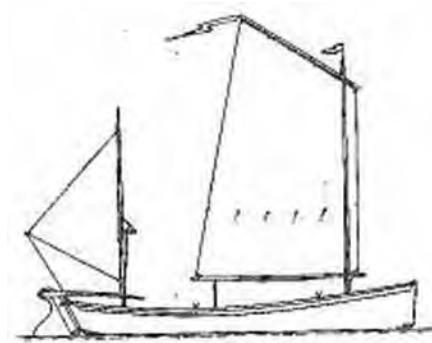
"...the boat coped nicely with the wind against tide chop and seemed completely at home tacking within the confines of a narrow river ...a flattie like Oystercatcher is perfect for exploring such area..." *Afloat!*, August 1995.=

"...surprisingly spacious accommodation with a tent covering the boat from end to end." *Afloat!*, July 1994.



Affordable Boating Around the World

Conrad Natzio has developed a family of designs for small, easily built boats that are affordable and fun. He wanted a boat for himself that could be easily trailered and handled by one person but large enough to sleep aboard and stable enough for fishing. From his first design he has expanded the range to include smaller and larger boats, including an electric slipper launch. Marine ply sheets are the basis of construction, being easily worked and joined with modern adhesives and fixings. Very few tools are required and all would be found in a typical DIY toolkit. All of the designs can make use of electric power and they can all be rowed and carry sails. Conrad has established a range of designs that won't break the bank. They have been built around the world, often by first time boat builders. Although many builders work a few hours at a time over a period of weeks or months, it is possible to complete even the most complex design in a few days as a full time activity during the build.



Spoonbill

A simple but roomy scow hull, only weighing 111kg (244lbs), gives a lot of boat in a compact space. Spoonbill can be sailed or used with a small (electric or petrol) outboard motor as an open launch with loose chairs.

Dimensions: 4.8mx1.5m (15'10"x5'0")

Hull weight: 111kg (244lbs)

Sail area: 7.4sm (80sf)

Spoonbill has a flat bottomed scow hull (with a bow transom) with easy lines for good sailing and simple building with no hard bending. Like her sisters, she is put together without any need for moulds, jig or building frame, from pre cut panels and prefabricated frames using readily available materials. Five sheets of plywood, preferably marine, are needed for the basic hull structure, two of $\frac{3}{8}$ " (9mm) and three of $\frac{1}{4}$ " (6mm). Frames and longitudinals are made up from hardwood or softwood.

Spoonbill is intended as a dual purpose vessel. She sails well with the recommended sprit boom rig shown but the transom will accept an outboard motor and her completely open interior can be fitted out with loose chairs as a river launch, ideal for sedate family outings or fishing trips. An electric outboard is the ideal means of propulsion. Under sail, her ability to go to windward comes from her two long 3" (76mm) bilge keels, which also give her excellent directional stability.

With an overall tent cover there is ample space for two people to sleep in comfort, being flat bottomed the boat can readily be run ashore for a peaceful night.

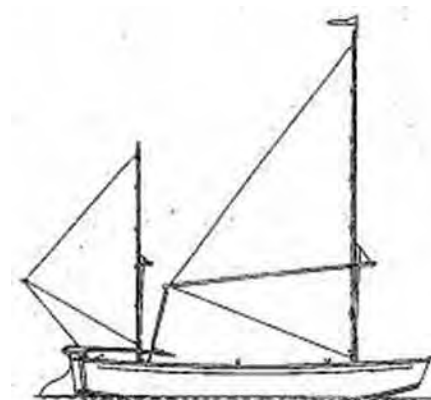
Buoyancy is built in beneath the bow and stern decks and should enable Spoonbill (like her sisters in the range) to comply with the requirements of the EC Directive on Recreational Craft if necessary.

Illustrated instructions are keyed to the plans.

"...handled well ...spacious and comfortable, an ideal craft to sail with friends for a picnic ...ideal fishing boat or river launch." *Classic Boat*, March 1998

"It's a tempting proposition." *Practical Boat Owner*, May 1998

"...this remarkable craft." *Water Craft*, March/April 1998





Sandpiper

Specially designed to be built by beginners over the four days of the Boats 99 boat show, although Sandpiper reduces boat building to its simplest elements she is a good-looking rowing and sailing skiff, her bilge keels give her a spacious and unobstructed interior. Choice of rigs, spritsail sloop, as seen here, or standing lug.

Dimensions: 4.2mx1.4m (13'9"x4'8")

Hull weight: 60kg (132lbs)

Sail area (sloop): 6.5sm (70sf)

Sandpiper illustrates the principles of "handsome is as handsome does" since the main considerations in her design were speed and ease of construction but the outcome was a capable and attractive little boat. Her hull is formed simply by bending parallel sided panels around prefabricated frames and adding strength and stiffness with solid chines and gunwales. She is built from four sheets of 1/4" (6mm) ply with solid timber as required for framing and longitudinals.

Instead of the usual centre or daggerboard, Sandpiper has twin long bilge keels which give her windward performance in very shallow water as well as an unusual amount of space within the boat. Her light weight means she can very easily be trailered to the waters of your choice and, for the single hander, she makes a simple weekend cruiser if fitted with a tent cover. Two adults can comfortably spend the day aboard exploring out of the way places generally accessible only to wildfowlers in long thigh boots.

Particularly full and detailed building instructions are accompanied and illustrated by copies of the article on Sandpiper from *Practical Woodworking*, the magazine sponsoring the event at Boats 99 where the first examples after the prototype were built.

"...an enjoyable and relaxing boat to sail ...a great boat to learn about boat building and sailing... *Water Craft*, September/October 1999

"...a handy little craft for use on sheltered waters for sailing, fishing or just pottering... *Practical Woodworking*, Vol 34 No 4



Little Grebe

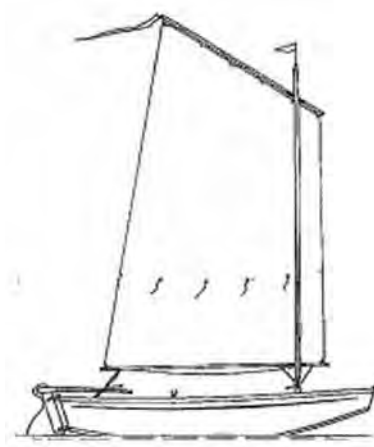
A pure rowing version of the sailing skiff Sandpiper, Little Grebe follows the same style and methods of construction with slightly reduced beam and freeboard. She is an elegant and stable boat for relaxed and enjoyable recreational rowing or freshwater angling.

Dimensions: 4.06mx1.22m (13'4"x4'0")

Hull weight: 52kg (115lbs)

Little Grebe is (despite her handsome appearance) designed for exceptionally quick and economical building, apart from the solid timber needed for framing and longitudinals, all her hull components can be cut from three sheets of 1/4" (6mm) plywood though construction can be slightly simplified (and appearance enhanced) if transom and thwarts are made up from varnished hardwood. As with the other boats in the range, building requires no special equipment or skills and presents no problems to the single hander.

There are two rowing positions, though with two people at the oars a passenger on the stern seat is desirable for good trim. A single rower will find Little Grebe fast and responsive, tracking well and with excellent stability thanks to her flat bottomed design which also makes her a good choice for the fisherman. Her shapely form will allow her to take her place among any group of craft at a picnic on a fine summer's afternoon.



Shoveler

The smallest boat in the fleet, a beamy but compact pram dinghy with a spacious interior, she offers overnight accommodation for the single hander when a tent cover is fitted. Sails well with her twin bilge keels, rows well, and tows well.

Dimensions: 3.0mx1.4m (9'9"x4'8")

Hull weight: 47kg (103lbs)

Sail area: 5.3sm (57sf)

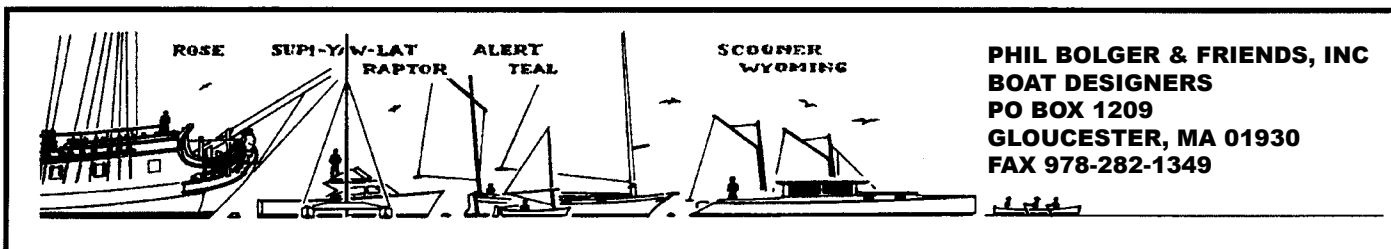
Shoveler is, like the duck for which she is named, most at home in lakes, ponds, rivers and the upper reaches of tidal estuaries. She is a flat bottomed pram dinghy with the unusual feature of twin bilge keels instead of daggerboard or centreplate, and this gives her a remarkably roomy interior for a boat of her compact overall dimensions. She is light enough to be carried on the roof of the average family car.

Shoveler has comfortable sprawling space for two adults, but if tented over makes a minimum cruiser for the single hander. Her long bilge keels give her the feel of a much bigger boat, she tacks well under oars or sail and goes to windward in very shallow water with her endplate rudder.

Construction is similar to other boats in the range, (6mm) plywood is the hull material and only three sheets are needed. Rigidity is provided by the solid gunwales and chines with buoyancy built in fore and aft.

She can be easily rigged with a lugsail or spritsail, perhaps boomless for simplicity and to spare the crews' heads! A small outboard can be clamped to the transom.





Let's go further through those changes to GADABOUT started in the August 2017 issue. The house extension rear bulkhead had just been put into place but the off center companionway and cabin door presented a structural challenge, with not much meat to brace that vertical edge of the house and that port side handrail extension against sideways stresses.

Picture #1 shows a meaty 4"x4" lamination out of 1" ply pieces halfway through shaping it with notches just before rounding over the inside vertical edge that would frame the companionway to port. The result, a simple and yet oddly detailed piece with substantial heft, probably good to be used as a mace or to break down doors on SWAT duty or to make up some mumbo jumbo about its most esoteric carvings and spiritually perfect alignment of mystical indentations and grain orientations if you go for that sort of thing.

Here you know what I'll be doing with it. A dirty but also gratifying job shaping this, fine to do outside, requiring these and a few more tools. Northwestern Douglas fir shavings and dust become one with the New England biology outside in no time.



Picture #2 has it fully installed with lots of epoxy and quite a few belts and suspenders bolts to keep it all aligned and as long term strongly in place as doable with that geometry. The outward opening door will be hung off it as well.



Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #516 in *MAIB*
Design #681
GADABOUT aka "SACPAS-3"
LCP Landing Craft Personnel
Two Some Power Cruiser

39'1"x7'5"x14"x50hpx8kts

27th in a Series of Articles on This Project

Below, the battery boxes remain accessible as before, moving one 6v battery into position at a time and, as before, bolted down with top bracing against any movement. This shot also shows the simple butt strap joints that connected the new house extension pieces with the old structure. With the roof on, and this corner post in, the cabin box is structurally complete.

Picture #3 offers a look forward where the port fuel tanks used to be in their boxes, carefully strapped down with 2"x1/8" stainless straps and set up tight with galvanized turnbuckles into eyebolts through the clamp that supports the lower shorter rub rail outside. A lot of time spent setting up this vital geometry to reliably locate those twin 50gal tanks on neoprene sheets, more neoprene between straps and tanks, pretty good detailing and now all removed to make her serve the new owners' quite different purposes.

Where the tanks used to sit directly on her locally reinforced hull bottom, soon a drop in flush floorboard should allow for a fine wine collection to be hidden under it. On the starboard side, removing the box and tanks now will allow Jay to put in that comfortable fullsize berth for master and navigator with a really fine mattress in this stock size to rest those cruising bones on.



Not too long ago the Cape Ann Irregular amphibious assault squad had stood there readying themselves to execute a beach-landing and then the taking of Hog Island in Essex Bay (*MAIB* Vol 33 No 6, October 15, 2015, pp.43-46).

Now a very gently sloping companionway stairs to port headed out and up onto the afterdeck to be, no head crackers anywhere, rounded corners, the berth well above the sole for easy sliding on and off it with aging legs and lots of storage underneath with Wiley windows for rainproof ventilation in this vital space, should support well rested cruising for a long time to come.

Picture #4 sees a first cardboard template tried out for her stern extensions. A modest rocker curve under her from where the go fast straight bottom still is, with the transom to end below the waterline and with those extensions to help the flow some and for a foothold should one need to get back aboard the hard way.



Picture #5 offers a quite different shape necessary for the inside face of the two stern boxes. Here we'll fasten these to cleats on the underside of what used to be her stern platforms with that perfectly square structure already there to help frame those stern extension boxes. Also handy to just hang them from as we get our bearing on geometries seemingly simple on paper, but sometimes a bit more challenging in 3-D. This box face will indeed extend over the old motor mount/transom to separate the volumes under what will be her new full width afterdeck over her outboard and those tank boxes.



Picture #6, with 1/2" sides, several 1/4" bottom pieces laminated to the curve, all held together by 1" ply stock, some 1"x1" cleats cut to that bottom curve profile. Then the crosspieces in 1" finishing to a smooth level top edge to later support a ply piece to rest the 50gal fuel tank on, one per box

to feed that miserly 50hp four stroke large prop outboard, all with several rich coats of epoxy inside, and soon outside the usual glass cloth/epoxy/filler sequence we've discussed in previous installments.



Picture #7 details that lower tank box notch geometry, here made stout by adding 1" ply pieces, rounded over ready for glass-cloth.



Picture #8, the two mirror image boxes about ready for glassing the outside surfaces. We sure don't want to find that we built two identical boxes, but rather one left hand and one right hand one for each side of her stern. Between them will eventually be hung off stout 2"x2" cleats the 2" motor board, already on hand, now to be placed much further aft with the motor in down vertical to finish just a few inches inside her stern rub rails. And we still can change the prop while she's afloat.

And yes, the boat will still fit inside a standard ISO-40' container, but in this new much farther aft position we would need to take the outboard's lower unit off to allow lowering the motor into vertical position and thus closing the container door.



Picture #9, a first test of how the port tank would go in with actually quite a bit of trimming of those former stern platforms left to be done all around. Without those skinny straps under the tank, good luck getting it out again.



Picture #10, her new stern configuration in a final fitting session, still without glass-cloth, to check the setup for square, level and mutually aligned realities. Here any visible mistakes would show pretty much forever. And those simple square geometries only make that challenge that much harder as they better match each other. Any casual thinking that we're just doing boxes can trip us up seriously.

One could assume that, since initially CAD designed, she should not present any ugly surprises. But since we had done this work for the first time, and as a green building crew, variations had occurred elsewhere on the hull, at times quite troublesome to correct for in the middle of work flow. So assuming may seem OK but alert knowing is always better. Here, on her new stern geometry, all seemed good enough.



Picture #11 has the starboard box go on for good, covered in as yet wavy rough fill-coat done wet in wet just the previous night. Doing the final finish work on her visible surfaces with the orbital sander would actually be much easier once the box was solidly installed on the boat, except for this tedious upside down later working the feathered filler between old hull and new extensions. Good thing that most of the bottom had indeed been sanded smooth enough with the boxes upside down and sander top down.

One more reminder to avoid as far as possible by careful construction planning, if not even by design, any extended under the hull sanding under the gravely erroneous assumption that sanding is easy. Doing so upside down is most assuredly not.



Picture #12 documents that we won't hang the boxes single handedly, no matter the prep work. Jay came to help on this work session and good that he saw that best laid plans for alignment can still humiliate us just when epoxy time is running, we get exasperated because suddenly things seem out of alignment, impossible and yet right there. This better get figured out fast and straight since filler and sanding goes only so far. With four eyeballs, four arms, more and more epoxy in places it should not be on the boxes and us, we got it done. But not a casual routine affair after all.

How could this be after having done so much work on her already? Well, I sure found a way to test patience if not even reason. Some stuff like that can make one begin to doubt basics, until we get to the obvious mistake and fix it pronto before the epoxy countdown bites.

With the new windshield geometry for more space forward, the cabin extension over her cockpit and now with these boxes in place, I was nearing the end of my hands on role on her. Jay had been busy all along, coming up to occasionally help here and there and often to measure detail geometries to go home and start building interior modules. Some he brought up and slid into her with other pieces larger to be assembled inside her later.



Picture #13 is now from her new location in Rhode Island, where Jay has been at it. Final stern deck geometry will show as he puts on his pieces with various stowage ideas under it, over the tanks and alongside the outboard. Lots of tedious detailing he really wants to get done the way he will want to live with for good. And when done doing outside surface work, then final painting to pull it all together convincingly.

Obviously more to come, but not in the next issue. Instead of plywood epoxy glass geometries, in November we'll get to feast on a rather shapely classic design of Phil's.



Are you an "Able Seaman?" That is, if you go out on a sailboat, can you "hand, reef and steer?" It is a little hard to "reef" on a powerboat, but the rest is pertinent. The other aspect of this question is the ability of those with you to do some of the things that might need to be done. A friend of mine had a checklist he followed when he had others with him. Even though we had been out with him before, he ran down the list and pointed to the location of each item; fire extinguishers, PFDs, VHF radio, first aid kit. He also included in the briefing engine starting sequence, throttle and gear operations, steering operation.

The idea was that if something happened to him, we could get back to shore. I would do the same thing when people came onboard to help with race committee work. In addition, I had a printed checklist that was available in the cabin for use as needed. Every boat is a little different in how things are set up and operate. One hopes none of this is necessary, but having others on board able to get one to shore is a positive aspect to boating.

If your boat has an automatic identification system (AIS), how accurate is it? Have you looked at the display from another vessel? You might want to do so as the Coast Guard has found that about 20% of the AIS devices tested were not accurate in all the information being displayed on a receiver. On April 3 the Coast Guard added the Vessel Identification Verification Service (VIVS) to its website. The easy way to find the site is to use your browser's search function and look for "Vessel Identification Verification Service" to get to the site on the web.



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

The wonders of switching to more electronics to reduce manpower requirements never cease, as with the example of a loaded tanker running aground in soft mud when the engine was shut down from a bridge control. The report of this incident notes that the ship was designed to have an unmanned engine room and let the personnel on the bridge monitor all mechanical functions. For some reason, the touch screen icon for shutting down the engine was activated and the engine shut down. Not only can your vessel's electronic controls be flooded if the cabin top fails (or someone spills a beverage across it), you might find them doing things you did not expect.

I have read a number of accident reports where the vessels sank because the backup or emergency bilge pumps failed for one reason or another. If you have a backup or emergency bilge pump, have you tested it lately? If it is a gasoline powered pump, will the engine start? If it starts, does it keep running? If it starts and runs, does it pump water? All of the above failures of an emergency pump have resulted in the loss of the vessel in trouble.

Another area of boat handling concern is finding low or dead batteries when it comes time to head back to the dock after a day of fishing or the like. The electronics were left on the entire time, draining the batteries a bit, the radio/music box was on the whole time or the bilge pump came on a good bit. In any event, there was a problem starting the engine (or engines). I have waded toward shore in Tampa Bay (tow-

ing the boat behind me) because of an engine problem, been towed in a couple of times with fuel problems, have towed others in who had battery or fuel problems and been towed in one time because of a battery problem.

The battery problem was self induced as I should not have left the dock until I had figured out and fixed the problem (dead cell in one battery). My boat's electrical system ran from the two batteries to a four way master switch. When starting the engine (both batteries on) the current flowed from the batteries through the switch to the starting solenoid to turn the starter. After experiencing my dead battery problem (and helping others with similar problems), I added a couple of heavy duty electrical cables to my onboard backup supplies. If necessary, I could rewire the system to go directly from the batteries to the starter with nothing in between. If both batteries were too weak for some reason to start the Diesel, I could wire them in series to get the necessary "juice" to the starter. Never needed to do so, but the capability was now there.

Before we purchased our Sisu 26 we had a Sisu 22 that we trailered to the coast and launched when we wanted to use the boat. As with all launching trailers, things rusted no matter how well we rinsed the trailer with fresh water. One day a trailer tire went flat and I had to put on the spare. The problem was that the wheel would not come off after I had removed the lug bolts. I contacted AAA road service for assistance. The tow truck driver used a sledge hammer against the tire to break the rust connection between the wheel and the hub. It was a lot of work!

Later, when talking about this at a social, one of my acquaintances asked, "Why not pull the trailer forward with the bolts loose?" He had had the same problem and the tow truck driver in that case had him put the bolts back on part way and then pull the trailer forward a few feet. The uneven ground on the side of the road "twisted" the wheel, which broke the rust bond. At that point the wheel came off quite nicely and the spare tire was put on. After my experience with a "stuck" wheel, I would pull the tires once a year to make sure they would come off if necessary when on the road. And, if it had become necessary because the wheel stuck to the hub despite my efforts, loose bolts and a pull forward would have also done the trick.

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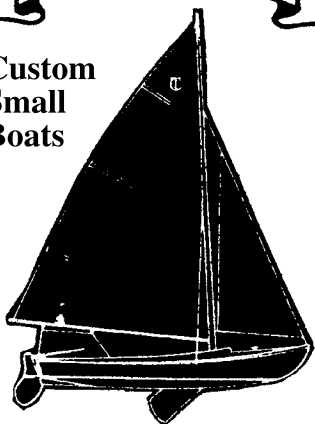
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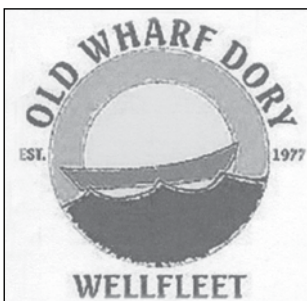
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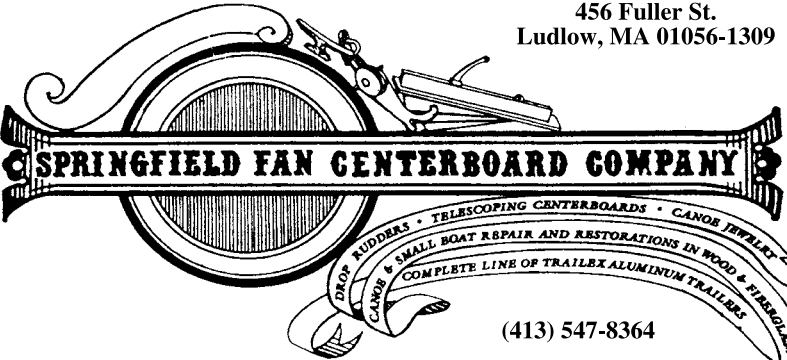
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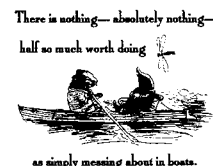
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This is David writing. Every month I ask Justin and Ian what they'd like put into this ad. Every month they've got nothing. Writing ads isn't what they do; building and repairing great boats, and taking good care of customers... THAT's what they do. This month they said, "Sometimes someone will ask what you're up to. Why don't you tell them?" - - - Well, OK. I'm living in NYC, loving it. I fell in with a bad crowd, musicians, jazz and cabaret performers. I live not far from Central Park, not far from the Museum of Natural History. I have a bicycle that's called "a tad pole trike" and cruise all over the city with it. A friend once said, "I think you're the most mobile person in New York." That's not literally true....but kind of. I never have a traffic jam, never wait for the subway. (OK, maybe in the snow I do.) I once got a speeding ticket on my trike. From a cop on a motor scooter. He used his damn siren to chase me down. \$50 fine. ("Not gonna get me next time, coppa.") - - - A note on the above photo. There were 4 liters of sand in the stern of that boat. There should have been 8. A properly trimmed boat goes across the water soo much better.